

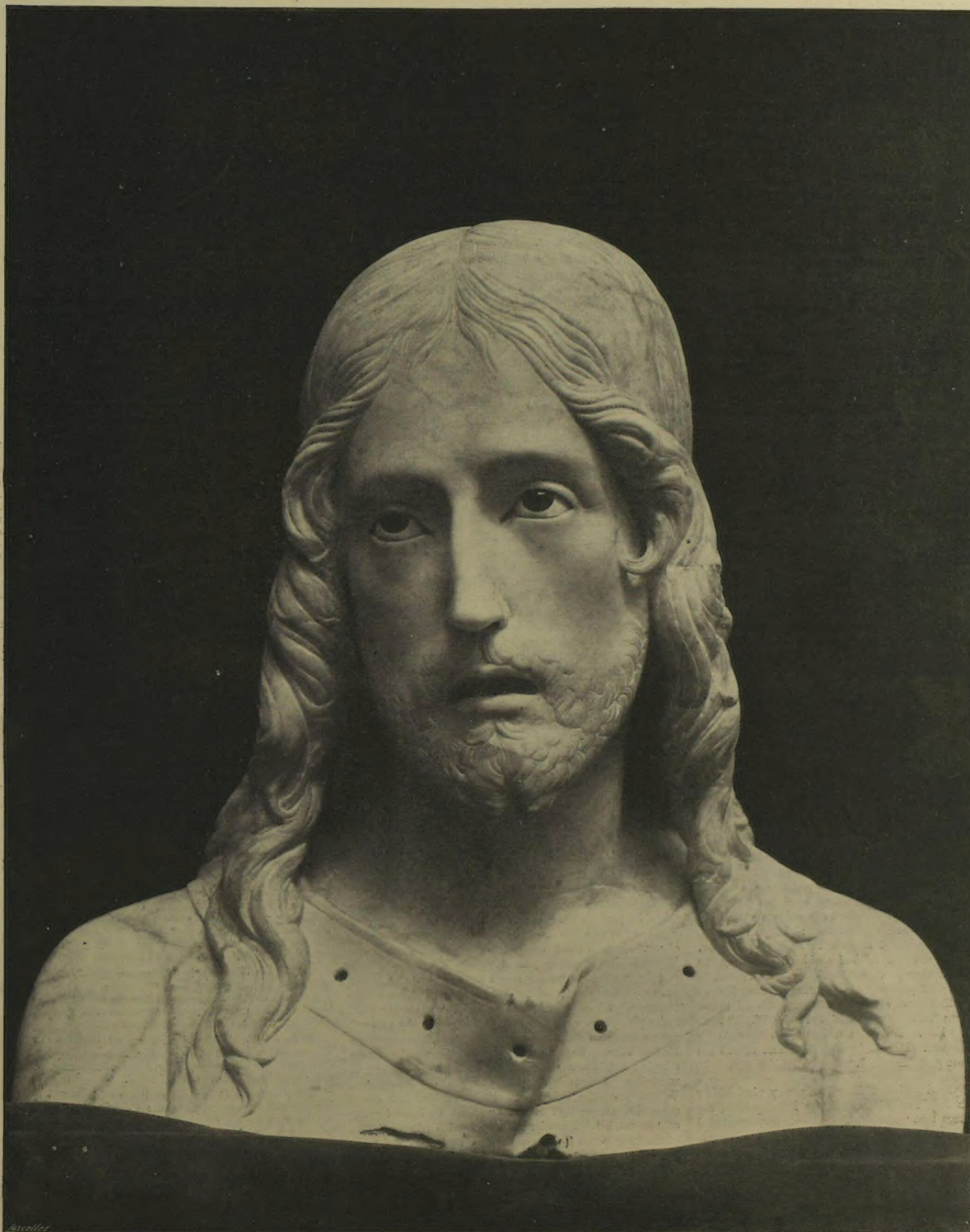
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



THE CHRIST WITH THE BLUE EYES.

This bust—a new discovery—was purchased recently by the Russian Ambassador at Madrid, and has been pronounced by experts to be the work either of Michael Angelo or Donatello. The eyes are of blue rock crystal. A photograph of the work has been sent to the Queen, who is desirous to have the bust copied in marble. The discovery has created a sensation in the world of art.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A correspondent, who seems to be a nervous man, writes to me: "I beg to call your attention to a new and unholy kind of secrecy in the literary world. A novel which everybody is reading and discussing has excited much speculation as to its authorship. The author has written several books under a pseudonym and is universally believed to be a woman. A woman with a pseudonym which remains impenetrable for several years! You will agree with me, Sir, that this is a monstrosity. But worse remains behind, as Shakspeare said in one of his most comprehensive moments. Not only does the lady keep her secret all this while, but other ladies keep it too. I know several who have hitherto been as candid as the day. Never did they preside over the hissing urn at five o'clock (the urn doesn't hiss now, but I like to keep up old emblems) without loosing all the gossip of the hour. But as soon as this pseudonym was mentioned they were dumb. All those delicate reservations which are passed round with the muffins: 'Between ourselves, you understand,' 'In the strictest confidence, remember,' 'Of course, this will go no further'—were rudely discarded for a blank refusal to reveal the secret. 'Oh yes, we know, but we have taken an oath not to tell.' I ask you, Sir, how the amenities of social intercourse are to be preserved if women take oaths of secrecy and keep them? How are muffins to be digested at five o'clock if this new freemasonry impedes the circulation of news?"

This might be very serious if the example were to spread. The particular secret of which my correspondent complains is out now, I believe; so his mind and the muffins may harmonise again. If women should try conspiracy on an extensive scale to cheat the legitimate curiosity of men, I suppose that Parliament would pass special measures of coercion. Torture in extreme cases might be authorised by licenses from the Home Secretary. For instance, a justly exasperated visitor at five o'clock might intimate to his hostess that if she persisted in concealing some piquant fact which ought to be generally known, he would proceed to drop scalding water on her beautiful but obstinate lips. This would probably end the custom of afternoon tea, and cause a general retrogression of manners. But the list of pseudonyms in the new edition of "Who's Who" gives me hope that this catastrophe will be averted. Every year this useful work grows more communicative. Even the shyest authors reveal their birthdays to Mr. Douglas Sladen, and he alone can save Society from the vortex into which it would be plunged by the reckless determination of ladies who write successful novels to conceal their identity from an admiring world.

If Mr. Sladen (in an earlier incarnation) had been engaged in his beneficent enterprise in the year 1609, we should have been spared the most persistent mystery of literature. I don't mean Junius, for his secret has long exhausted the patience of mankind. But "Mr. W. H.," who figures in the dedication of Shakspeare's Sonnets, was just the man for the "Who's Who" of his period. If his name and his favourite recreation could have been inscribed for posterity by a Jacobean Sladen, how many bookshelves would now be the lighter! More temper and erudition have been expended on "Mr. W. H." than upon any character in history. Many scholars have asserted that he was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; many more that he was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. And now comes Mr. Sidney Lee with the argument that "Mr. W. H." could not have been a nobleman, that he was not a friend of Shakspeare's, for the poet had no hand either in the publication or the dedication of the Sonnets; that he was William Hall, a friend of the publisher's, and that Thomas Thorpe dedicated the work to him as the "only begetter"—that is to say, the procurer of the manuscript. Mr. Lee traces the personal history of Thorpe and Hall, shows that they were in the same trade and employed the same printer, that both were snappers-up of manuscripts in which the authors had no proprietary rights, that Thorpe had previously dedicated a book to another publisher, Edward Blount, and that Hall had used his initials only in a dedication of his own. Upon this theory, which seems to me by far the most plausible of the three, the most famous of all dedications resolves itself into a commercial transaction between two obscure pirates, and "Mr. W. H." loses his romantic halo. He did not beget the Sonnets by inspiring the poet. He merely stole them and shared the swag with the grateful "T. T."

I am inclined to Mr. Sidney Lee's way of thinking partly by a horrid cynicism. It is in keeping with the irony of things that "Mr. W. H.," who has masqueraded in the vision of most commentators as one of two noble earls, with a fine taste in letters and the instincts of a generous patron, should turn out to be a brazen Antolycus, to whom the Irish phrase, "thief of the world," is the most fitting tribute. The thought of this pickpocket and pedlar taking in the scholarship of generations might well cause the dust of Shakspeare to break into Falstaffian laughter. Puck himself never dreamed of so exquisite a mystification, and if he is hovering now in the serene air of judgment upon earthly bunglers, he must feel that "What

fools those mortals be!" is a commentary quite unequal to the situation. Mind, I don't presume to affirm anything. There can be no positive knowledge on the subject, for Thomas Thorpe died in an almshouse without leaving any memoirs, and it is more than likely that William Hall was buried by his parish with no thought of the glory that awaited him. Already the Pembroke and Southampton champions are sinking their bickerings to attack the common enemy; and it may be that a generation hence Mr. Sidney Lee will be dismissed as an eccentric student who had the hardihood to drag in William Hall betwixt Shakspeare and our old nobility. And yet I suspect that "T. T." and "Mr. W. H." and the bard they both robbed (after the pleasant fashion of their time) are discomposing their fellow-shades by irrepressible fits of chuckling!

The Elizabethan literary men were not strong on memoirs and correspondence. Nowadays, every man prepares his own biography, and when an illustrious personage dies he leaves about sixty thousand letters neatly docketed. Even knaves commit themselves copiously on paper. You learn from your daily journal that the Supreme Court of France has ordered another seizure of compromising letters which throw a flood of light—oh, those floods of light!—upon a certain "affaire." The author of "Verdant Green" wrote an agreeable but less popular story, entitled "Letters Left at a Pastrycook's." They were the fond effusions of a young lady in a boarding-school, who described very prettily the emotion with which she heard her troubadour sing under her window at night, "Will you love me then as now?" This touched me deeply; but I remember wondering, even at an unsophisticated age, why these confessions were entrusted to the pastrycook, who might have forgetfully used them to wrap up apple turnovers for the young lady's mamma. Some of the letters seized by the Supreme Court are said to have been lodged in a Paris bank, and the Court, I suppose, will now pay interest on the deposit. Evidently some means will have to be discovered (by rogues, at all events) for dispensing with the written word which has such an inconvenient habit of remaining. The invention for carrying the human voice several miles is too noisy. Wireless telegraphy needs an apparatus, and might be intercepted. Telepathy seems more promising. If you are a knave (excuse the hypothesis) you have only to think hard at another knave and he will receive your ideas without any awkward evidence from an inquisitive tribunal.

But the dominant note of our times is an exuberant candour which disdains subterfuge. Here is a millionaire's son who has written an article to prove that the inheritor of great wealth who has done nothing to make it ought not to contribute to taxation on a higher scale than the possessor of small means, who makes them every day. Suppose (the illustration is not mine) the inheritor is a booby; yet his father must have been clever to leave so much money. Suppose the earner of income is clever in his way; yet he must have had a stupid father, or he would not be forced to work for his living. If you have followed this lucid argument, you will perceive at once that, as it is the duty of every man to provide handsomely for his offspring, the fulfilment of the obligation ought not to be subjected to special taxation. If it is, then the State will discourage men from becoming millionaires, and their booby young will be thrown helpless upon a hard, cold world, and exposed to the unfair competition of brains.

There is something democratic about this, something that smacks of the rights of man. I have only one misgiving. If the endowed booby is not to be pillaged by the State, why not protect still more the booby who has no inheritance? But the millionaire's son will retort, "You're a precious economist! Don't you see that, if you did that, you would have to throw his burdens on me, and all because his father was not a smart man like mine?" Yes, that is clear. Boobiness must be respected and privileged only when its papa has made his "pile," no matter how. I begin to appreciate the rough justice of millionaire ethics. It is pointed out further that millionaires are justified in spending as lavishly as they please (chiefly, no doubt, for the moral encouragement of their young), but are deterred by the vulgar prejudices of the "masses," whose ignorance is heated by "demagogues." Some years ago, a millionaire's son (of the booby variety) gave a dinner in Paris on a scale that would have staggered Heliogabalus. Every guest was served with a whole salmon; not because he could eat it, but because the host wanted a fabulous bill to immortalise his hospitality. Vulgar prejudice called that idiotic waste, but every economist knows that it was excellent business for the salmon-market. I wonder whether Lord Kitchener thinks of inviting some millionaire's son to be an honorary professor of economics at the Khartoum College!

I saw a play lately in which the hero was a tipsy nobleman who lost all his money by backing the wrong horse. His wife, from whom he was temporarily estranged, backed the right horse, and made it up with her husband in the last act. This method of amassing wealth was much applauded by the pit; so it may be that the "demagogues" are losing their influence.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, leaving Windsor on Friday this week, passes the Christmas at Osborne, with the Empress Frederick of Germany and other Princesses. On Friday last her Majesty received the new French Ambassador, M. Cambon, introduced to her by Lord Salisbury. His predecessor, Baron de Courcel, and Lord Salisbury dined with the Queen on Dec. 6, and left England on Thursday. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the new Viceroy of India, with Lady Curzon and Admiral Sir F. Richards, also dined with the Queen. The Marquis of Tweeddale was invested with the Knighthood of the Thistle. Prince Alexander of Teck was one of her Majesty's guests last week. The Duke and Duchess of York arrived on Saturday. The Queen on Dec. 8 received two Army nurses from the Sudan, Miss Sarah Webb, superintendent, and Miss Geddes, bestowing upon them the decoration of the Royal Red Cross. On Saturday her Majesty held a private investiture of Orders of Knighthood: General Sir George White was made Knight Grand Cross, and General W. F. Gatacre, Knight Commander, of the Bath; Sir Horatio Davies, late Lord Mayor of London, K.C.M.G.; nine or ten officers, with Mr. Lockhart, Colonial Secretary of Hong-Kong, were made Companions. Prince Arthur of Connaught lunched with the Queen on Sunday. The Earl of Hopetoun is appointed Lord Chamberlain.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughter, Princess Victoria, went on Monday to Windsor to join the Queen and the royal family in the commemoration, at the Frogmore Mausoleum on Dec. 14, of the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort in 1861.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Monday, at Florence, opened a bazaar in aid of the Protestant Orphanage for Paris. His Royal Highness, in the afternoon left Florence for Paris.

The Duke of Cambridge on Monday morning opened the Victoria (Queen's Jubilee) Cottage Hospital at Kingston, and in the evening, at the Hôtel Métropole, took the chair at the annual dinner of the Wanstead Infant Orphan Asylum.

A sale of work, opened by the Duchess of Albany, took place last week at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, in aid of the "Church Army" operations to relieve the out-cast and helpless poor. Princess Christian kept a stall at the fancy work sale and exhibition of the Royal School of Art Needlework at Kensington.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire, last week visited the West London Hospital at Hammersmith, and on Monday took part in a meeting at Grovenor House in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children.

Mr. Chamberlain, on Thursday, Dec. 8, addressed a meeting of the Yorkshire Conservative Associations at Wakefield, the Marquis of Zetland presiding. Mr. Walter Long spoke at a dinner of the Liverpool Conservative Club on Friday, with Mr. David MacLver, newly elected M.P., unopposed, on Tuesday, for the Kirkdale Division there. Sir John Gorst, at Cambridge, on Saturday, expounded his views on education for the agricultural classes. On the other side, Lord Crewe, at Crewe, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Dunfermline and at Glasgow, spoke for the Liberal Party. In a letter to Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt stated that he could best discharge his duty to the Liberal Party in an independent position in the House of Commons.

The United Grand Lodge of English Freemasons on Dec. 7 re-elected the Prince of Wales as Grand Master. His Royal Highness was re-elected also Grand Master of the Mark Master Masons the day before.

The Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture held their annual meeting in London on Dec. 7, and resolved, if the Government would not amend the Agricultural Holdings Act, to appoint a Parliamentary committee seeking better security for farmers, more freedom in cultivation, and ownership of unexhausted improvements.

A supplementary report to the War Office by Lord Kitchener, who left England on Dec. 7 for Egypt, relates all military operations in the Sudan since the defeat of the Khalifa's forces and capture of Omdurman and Khartoum on Sept. 2, including the dispersion by Colonel Parsons of the remnant of Dervishes at Gedaref, the incident at Fashoda, the submission of Kordofan, and the fugitive Khalifa's desperate flight.

The departure of Lord Curzon from England to India has taken place this week, his Lordship leaving London on Thursday, to be joined by Lady Curzon at Plymouth.

The Gordon Highlanders, commanded by Colonel Mathias, arrived at Edinburgh on Friday, the 9th, and were enthusiastically welcomed. They are quartered in Edinburgh Castle. Lord Rosebery attended a public entertainment given to them at the Corn Exchange.

An action brought by Alderman Sir J. Savory, an ex-Lord Mayor, against the proprietors of a paper called *London* for a libel imputing to him the use of influence in the Corporation for the advantage of an electric light company, has resulted in a verdict for defendants.

It has been decided by an appeal judgment of the House of Lords that on the death of a foreigner, wherever domiciled, holding shares in an English company, probate duty must be paid here to the Crown.

The Court for Crown Cases Reserved has affirmed the legality of the conviction, at the Central Criminal Court, of the man belonging to the sect of "Peculiar People," whose infant child died from his neglect to seek medical aid.

Forty-five survivors of the crew of the Wilson steamship *Londonian*, abandoned and foundering on the Atlantic, were saved by the steamer *Vedamore*, and brought to Baltimore. The loss of life may be thirty-five.

The Whitechapel Art Gallery, to be erected wholly at the cost of Mr. Lussmore Edwards, whose munificence, known in so many other instances, supplies £7200 to this institution alone, will stand adjacent to the Whitechapel Public Library. The foundation-stone was laid on Friday by Viscount Peel. There was a meeting at Toynbee Hall, with the Rev. Canon Barnett, long the parish clergyman,

the Jewish Chief Rabbi, and Mr. Walter Crane on the platform. An endowment is provided by the Charity Commissioners, the City Parochial Charities Fund, and a public subscription.

The peace treaty between Spain and the United States was formally signed on Saturday at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs by the Commissioners of both nations, and the conferences, which began on Oct. 1, were closed. The Cuban insurgent, General Calixto Garcia, has died. General Fitzhugh Lee takes military command in Cuba.

The German Reichstag opened its Session with a speech from the Emperor William last week. On Monday, the Foreign Affairs Minister, Herr von Bulow, made a general statement and comment on German policy both in Europe and in the East, all in favour of peace; expressing much goodwill to Turkey and to the Mohammedans; insisting on the stability of the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy; and promising a neutral attitude between America and Spain.

The Emperor also on the same day, receiving the Presidents of the Reichstag, said that Germany was on friendly terms with England and with Russia, and would not be affected by any disputes between other countries. It is reported that his Majesty, when at Damascus, proposing the Sultan's health at a banquet, made a speech in the Turkish language, and assured "the three hundred million Moslems all over the world that he would ever be their friend and brother."

Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador in Paris, has made two very frank and cheerful speeches—first on Dec. 6, at a banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce there, and the second on Monday last, at the Anglo-American Christian Association meeting, with cordial expressions of esteem for the French nation, but intimating that England knows what is due to herself.

The Dreyfus case was the occasion of another violent and tumultuous scene in the French Chamber of Deputies on Monday, when M. Paschal Grousset, a leader of the Communist insurrection in 1871, bitterly assailed the existing Government. Police and military forces were called out to stop a disorderly street procession. Meanwhile, in conformity with the order of the Court of Cassation, General Zurlinden, the Military Governor of Paris, has postponed *sine die* the court-martial on Colonel Picquart, who will probably be released from prison, and Captain Dreyfus brought home.

Prince George of Greece leaves Athens next Monday to assume the Governorship of Crete; he will, at the Isle of Milo (Melos), go on board the French Admiral's flag-ship. Crete is to have a distinct national flag.

Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, held a Durbar for the Burmese chiefs at Rangoon on Saturday. The Mad Mullah's revolt in the Swat Valley has collapsed. After some fighting with the Khan of Dir's force, he has fled to Kohistan, having lost many of his followers, and will be pursued by British troops.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY FACILITIES.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Dec. 22 to 25.

The London and North Western Company announce that on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24, a special train will leave Euston at 11.55 a.m. for Birmingham and Wolverhampton, calling at Coventry and Stochford only. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23 and 24, a special express train will leave Birmingham at 11.45 a.m. for Euston, calling at Coventry, Blithley, and Willenhall at 4.8 p.m., conveying passengers for Coventry, Rugby, Northampton, Peterborough, and Harwich, instead of 4 p.m. express from Birmingham doing so. On Saturday, Dec. 24, the 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham will be divided. The first portion, which will run express to Birmingham (calling at Northampton and Coventry only), will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m.; and be due Birmingham at 6.55 p.m. The second portion of the train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m. as usual. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on ordinary Sundays, with the following exceptions: The 3.30 a.m. Shrewsbury to Hereford (in connection with the 10 p.m. from Euston on Saturday night, Dec. 24) will be extended to Abergavenny (Brecon Road), Merthyr, and Cardiff (via M. T. and A. line). The train will leave Hereford at 5.15 a.m., and will call at the following stations: Abergavenny Junction, Abergavenny, Govilon, Gilwern, Clydach, Brynmawr, Beaufort, Trevil, Nantybwch, Rhymney Bridge, Dowdall, Cefn, arriving at Merthyr 8.45 a.m. This train will run in connection with the Rhymney Company's train which leaves Rhymney Bridge for Cardiff at 8.50 a.m. On Monday (Bank Holiday), Dec. 26, the 2.10 p.m. Birmingham to Euston will call at Rugby, and join there the 12 noon express from Liverpool, which is due Euston at 5.15 p.m. The 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton will not run. Passengers for Northampton and stations between Rugby and Wolverhampton served by this train, will travel by the 5 or 5.35 p.m. from Euston; and those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., by the 3 p.m. from Euston.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Saturday, Dec. 24, to Colchester, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Diss, Norwich, Mundesley-on-Sea, Cromer, Woodbridge, Beccles, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cambridge, Newmarket, Wisbech, Lynn, Fakenham, Wells, Spalding, Lincoln, Edwinstowe, Chesterfield, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Manchester, Liverpool, York, Leeds, Scarborough, Bradford, Wakefield, &c.; also on Dec. 23 and 30, excursions and single-fare return bookings to Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. A special booking-office will be opened at the Liverpool Street Station from Dec. 20 to 24, for the issue of ordinary and excursion tickets and of tourists' fortnightly and

Friday to Tuesday tickets to the seaside for use on forward dates. Tickets can also be obtained at the company's West-end offices, 51, New Oxford Street, 215, Edgware Road, 2, Cockspur Street, 120, Brompton Road, and at their other City and West-end offices. To avoid the loss and disappointment which frequently occur at Christmas from hampers and parcels being delayed, or not delivered, through being illegible or insufficiently addressed, or in consequence of the labels not being properly attached, the public are requested to take care that all hampers and parcels are clearly and accurately addressed, and that all labels are firmly attached to them; and as an additional precaution, a duplicate address should be placed inside each package, with the name and address of the sender.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays, the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the northern and midland counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning, Cologne about noon, and Bale and Berlin in the evening. Passengers travelling by the Harwich-Antwerp route for Brussels, &c., can leave either on Friday or Saturday, returning Monday or Tuesday.

Special facilities for reaching entertainments and places of holiday resort will be given by the North London Railway, which will run trains every few minutes to and from Chalk Farm for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Zoological Gardens; from Highbury and Islington for the Agricultural Hall, and to and from Shoreditch for the great East End pantomimes. Trains will also run every half-hour to and from New Bridge and to and from Addison Road for Olympia.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1898.

ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 23, AND 24. A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave EUSTON at 11.45 a.m. for BIRMINGHAM and WOLVERHAMPTON, calling at Coventry and Stochford only.

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, DEC. 23 AND 24. A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave BIRMINGHAM at 11.45 a.m. for Euston, calling at Coventry, Blithley, and Willenhall only. The 2.10 p.m. Birmingham to Euston will be divided. The first portion, which will run express to Birmingham (calling at Northampton and Coventry only), will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m.; and be due Birmingham at 6.55 p.m. The second portion of the train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m. as usual. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on ordinary Sundays, with the following exceptions: The 3.30 a.m. Shrewsbury to Hereford (in connection with the 10 p.m. from Euston on Saturday night, Dec. 24) will be extended to Abergavenny (Brecon Road), Merthyr, and Cardiff (via M. T. and A. line). The train will leave Hereford at 5.15 a.m., and will call at the following stations: Abergavenny Junction, Abergavenny, Govilon, Gilwern, Clydach, Brynmawr, Beaufort, Trevil, Nantybwch, Rhymney Bridge, Dowdall, Cefn, arriving at Merthyr 8.45 a.m. This train will run in connection with the Rhymney Company's train which leaves Rhymney Bridge for Cardiff at 8.50 a.m. On Monday (Bank Holiday), Dec. 26, the 2.10 p.m. Birmingham to Euston will call at Rugby, and join there the 12 noon express from Liverpool, which is due Euston at 5.15 p.m. The 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton will not run. Passengers for Northampton and stations between Rugby and Wolverhampton served by this train, will travel by the 5 or 5.35 p.m. from Euston; and those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., by the 3 p.m. from Euston.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN will leave BIRMINGHAM at 4.8 p.m., conveying Passengers for COVENTRY, RUGBY, NORTHAMPTON, PETERBOROUGH, and HARWICH, instead of 4 p.m. EXPRESS FROM BIRMINGHAM doing so.

ON SATURDAY, DEC. 24. The 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham, WILL BE DIVIDED. The first portion, which will run express to Birmingham (calling at Northampton and Coventry only), will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m., and be due Birmingham at 6.55 p.m. The second portion of the train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m. as usual. On Christmas Day the trains will run as on ordinary Sundays, with the following exceptions: The 3.30 a.m. Shrewsbury to Hereford (in connection with the 10 p.m. from Euston on Saturday night, Dec. 24) will be extended to Abergavenny (Brecon Road), Merthyr, and Cardiff (via M. T. and A. line). The train will leave Hereford at 5.15 a.m., and will call at the following stations: Abergavenny Junction, Abergavenny, Govilon, Gilwern, Clydach, Brynmawr, Beaufort, Trevil, Nantybwch, Rhymney Bridge, Dowdall, Cefn, arriving at Merthyr 8.45 a.m. This train will run in connection with the Rhymney Company's train which leaves Rhymney Bridge for Cardiff at 8.50 a.m. On Monday (Bank Holiday), Dec. 26, the 2.10 p.m. Birmingham to Euston will call at Rugby, and join there the 12 noon express from Liverpool, which is due Euston at 5.15 p.m. The 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton will not run. Passengers for Northampton and stations between Rugby and Wolverhampton served by this train, will travel by the 5 or 5.35 p.m. from Euston; and those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., by the 3 p.m. from Euston.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY (SUNDAY), DEC. 25. On CHRISTMAS DAY the Trains will run as on ORDINARY SUNDAYS, with the following exceptions:—The 3.30 a.m. SHREWSBURY to HEREFORD (in connection with the 10 p.m. from Euston on Saturday night, Dec. 24) will be extended to ABERGAVENNY (Brecon Road), MERTHYR, and CARDIFF (via M. T. and A. line). The Train will leave Hereford at 5.15 a.m., and will call at the following Stations:—Abergavenny Junction, Abergavenny, Govilon, Gilwern, Clydach, Brynmawr, Beaufort, Trevil, Nantybwch, Rhymney Bridge, Dowdall, Cefn, arriving at Merthyr 8.45 a.m. This Train will run in connection with the Rhymney Company's Train which leaves Rhymney Bridge for Cardiff at 8.50 a.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave CHAVER ARMS at 5 a.m. for SWANSEA (after arrival of the 3.30 a.m. Mail from Shrewsbury). This train will call at all stations up to and including Llandovery; also at all stations between Llandovery and Swansea, except the following:—Cardiff, Tally Ho, Llandovery, and Aberystwyth. The Mail Train due to leave Shrewsbury for Welshpool and Aberystwyth at 5.40 a.m. in connection with the 10 p.m. from London (Dec. 24), will run as on Week-days, with connections to the Cardiff Line.

ON MONDAY (BANK HOLIDAY), DEC. 26. The 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham and Wolverhampton WILL NOT RUN. Passengers for Northampton and Stations between Rugby and Wolverhampton served by this Train will travel by the 5 or 5.35 p.m. from Euston; and those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., by the 3 p.m. from Euston. The 8.10 a.m. from Wolverhampton, and 8.45 a.m. from Liverpool to London; and the 10 p.m. from London to Liverpool, Manchester, and Fleetwood. Numerous Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns WILL NOT BE RUN ON BANK HOLIDAY, particulars of which will be announced locally.

THE BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS on the following Trains WILL NOT RUN on this date:—6.55 a.m. from Wolverhampton and 7.30 a.m. from Liverpool to London; 7.40 a.m. from Euston to London; 8.30 a.m. from Manchester to London; 6.30 p.m. from London to Euston; 7 p.m. from London to Birmingham and Wolverhampton. THE DINING, BREAKFAST, and LUNCHEON CARS on all other Trains WILL RUN AS USUAL.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company. London, December 1898. FRANK HANSON, General Manager.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1898.

TRAINS Every five minutes to and from SHOREDITCH.

STANDARD THEATRE (Pantomime, "Dick Whittington," Morning Performance on Boxing Day). THE LITTON THEATRE (Pantomime, "King Midas," Morning Performance on Boxing Day). Also THE "LONDON" MUSIC HALL (Variety Entertainment). DALSTON JUNCTION.

NEW ALEXANDRIA THEATRE (Pantomime, "Cinderella," Morning Performance on Boxing Day).

Every Fifteen Minutes to and from CHALK FARM, for PRIMROSE HILL, REGENT'S PARK, and the ZOOLOGICAL and BOTANIC GARDENS.

HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON for the AGRICULTURAL HALL ("World's Fair.") and the GRAND THEATRE.

(Pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," Morning Performance on Boxing Day).

HACKNEY. In connection (by means of Covered Galleries) with Great Eastern Suburban Trains.

CHINGFORD (For Epping Forest, &c.). VICTORIA PARK.

BOW (for BOW and BROMLEY INSTITUTE, and the PEOPLE'S PALACE).

HAMPTSTEAD HEATH and WILLESDEN JUNCTION.

Every Half-Hour to and from Kew Bridge, for Kew Gardens.

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SHARE, TRANSFER, AND DIVIDEND OFFICE. 2 and 4, PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

DECEMBER 1898.

DIVIDEND ON PREFERENCE SHARES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in order to prepare the dividend for the quarter ending Dec. 31 upon the Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, the Transfer and Registration Books of the Company will be closed from Friday, Dec. 23, until Saturday, Jan. 2, 1899.

Dividend Warrants will be posted on Saturday, Dec. 31, to all Preference Shareholders whose names are duly registered previous to the date for closing the books.

By order of the Board, ALBERT PROBY, Registrar.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE HOME OF HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT. BOXING DAY AND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. WOLFF'S UNRIVALLED CHIRUS.

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PONY HIPPODROME. JEWELL'S MARIONETTES. PUNCH AND JUDY, &c.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.—Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS.

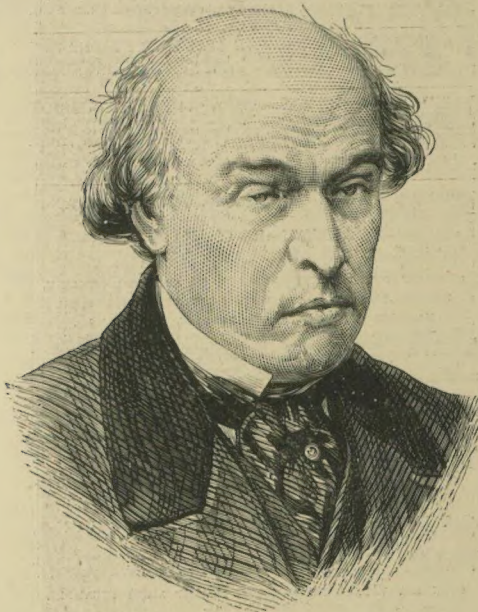
Daily, THE FORTY THIEVES, written and directed by Arthur Collins and Arthur Collins. Music by J. M. Glover. Don Leno, Herbert Campbell, J. Danvers, Nellie Stewart, Amelia Stone, Rita Fresno, &c. Box Office now open.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ST. JAMES'S WALL, PICCADILLY, W. Nightly at 8 and 10. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8. Prices of Admission, 2s., 3s., 5s., and 1s. THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME IN LONDON.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JENNER.

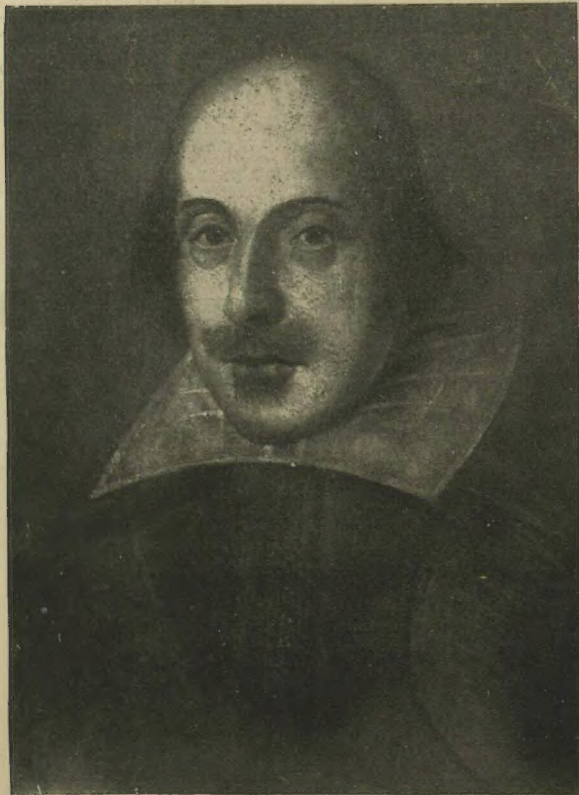
At the good old age of eighty-three Sir William Jenner, the most famous physician of his time, passed away on Sunday, Dec. 11, at Greenwood, Bishops Waltham, Hampshire. It is only five years since the great physician retired from the Queen's service, after filling for upwards of thirty years the distinguished position of Physician-



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JENNER, BART., M.D., F.R.S.,
PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

in-Ordinary to her Majesty. Sir William held the same position with regard to the Prince of Wales; and, with Sir William Gull, brought the Heir-Apparent safely through his serious illness in 1871.

Sir William was born at Chatham in 1815. He was educated at University College, and started as a general practitioner, but in 1844 retired from general practice and was more sought after than any living physician as a holder of public appointments. He held in succession three professorial chairs at his old college, was a lecturer to the Royal College of Physicians, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and member of many other learned societies, home and foreign. He was created a Baronet in 1868, and in 1872 a K.C.B. One of the world's hard workers, Sir William found his amusement in his profession. We give, along with our portrait of the late physician, that of Sir Edward Jenner (1749-1823), famous for his investigation and application of the methods of vaccination for the prevention of small-pox.



THE DISPUTED DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE
IN THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON GALLERY.

DROESHOUT PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.

The Droeshout portrait of Shakspeare, now in the gallery of Stratford-on-Avon, has been the theme of an interesting if somewhat profitless correspondence in the *Times*. In November a reviewer in that journal endorsed the acceptance by the latest biographer of Shakspeare of the Droeshout portrait. This drew a letter of remonstrance from Sir J. C. Robinson, who argued that "the picture was of precisely the same class as the majority of the other *soi-disant* Shakspeare portraits—that is to say, it was substantially an ancient sixteenth or seventeenth century portrait, painted in oil on panel, which had been fraudulently repainted and vamped up in various ways; metamorphosed, in fact, into a portrait of the great dramatist, probably towards the end of the last or the beginning of the present century. Apparently the original portrait was that of a lady, for the leading forms and details of the work could still be discerned in many places by a practised eye, piercing through the fraudulent envelope."

Sir J. C. Robinson further adduced "damning" evidence from the panel, which was not of English but of Italian make. To this Mr. Edgar Flower, chairman of the governors of the Shakspeare Memorial, wrote a lengthy reply confuting the statement about the wood of the panel.

"Sir Charles Robinson," Mr. Flower continues, "is in great error if he supposes that for one moment I would allow this (or any other portrait) to pass off as anything but what it is. No one can positively prove it to be the original painting from which young Droeshout engraved, but there is every probability that it is, and if so the only oil-painting with any contemporary evidence of being a likeness of the bard. Every detail corresponds

in exact measurements with the engraving (which is not the case in any other portrait). Every engraver and authority I have consulted, and they have been many, argue that the engraving must have been taken from the oil-painting and not *vice versa*: as we know an original portrait must have existed, it is more probable that it still exists than that it has been destroyed, and an exact facsimile afterwards crop up. And also the antecedents of this picture are peculiarly reasonable to its having lain dormant."

Mr. Flower took the picture to one of the most eminent picture restorers of the day, who said there were indications of its having been touched

up, and that there were lines of a collar under the background, but what was under the face he could not tell without removing it. Mr. Flower declined to have it tampered with; the portrait, he concludes, is now in the Stratford-on-Avon gallery, there for all time to stand on its merits.

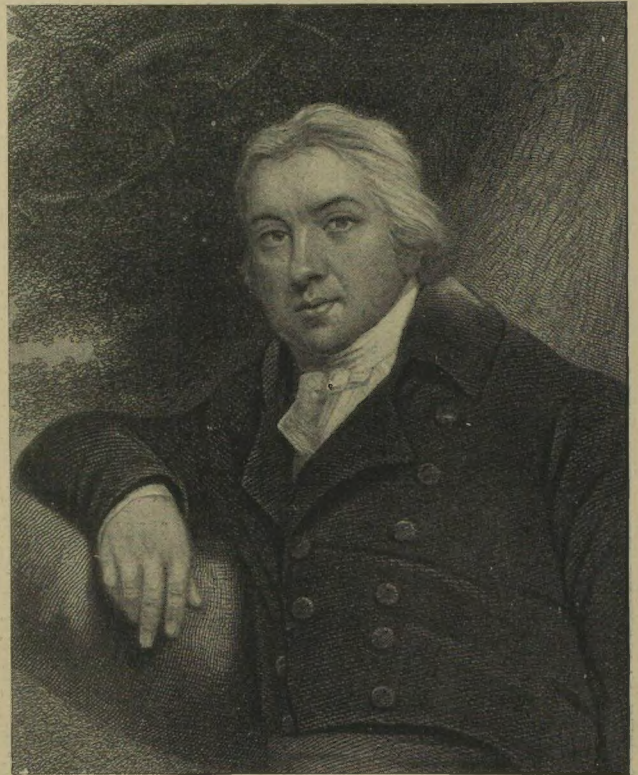
THE LOAN LITHOGRAPHS
AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The committee, or at least its non-official members, who have shown so much taste and energy in bringing together a representative collection of lithographs, may reasonably grumble at the accommodation provided at South Kensington. Attached to the Western Galleries are two or three sheds in which screens have been placed, and on these are hung over two thousand drawings illustrative of the art of lithography since its birth just one hundred years ago. About one half of the present exhibition consists of works by English artists, beginning with a specimen by Benjamin West, dated 1801. In his time, it would seem that the aim of lithographers—or polyautographers, as they dubbed themselves—was to produce as near an imitation of rough wood-engraving as possible. They applied the newly discovered process to all sorts of subjects, figures, landscapes, cattle, and especially trees, and many of them attained very picturesque results. Water-colour painters such as Varley, Christall, George Scharf the elder, Samuel Prout, R. P. Bonington, etc., evolving from nature or their own drawings, came next; and thence onwards, until comparatively recent times, lithographic

art was chiefly applied, with more or less success, in reproducing the works of others. Among such R. J. Lane, A.R.A., is the most largely—and, it may be added, unnecessarily so—represented on this occasion. John A. Vinter worked on similar lines. J. D. Harding had rather in view studies for his pupils to copy than the mere tradesman's object of making art popular.

In later times lithography has come to be regarded as an art rather than as an industry. To Mr. James McNeill Whistler, when working for that too-fleeting publication, the *Butterfly*, the modern revival of lithography in this country was mainly due; and from that time onward we have a steadily increasing flow of thoroughly artistic work in this branch. Mr. Strang, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. A. Legros, Mr. G. Clausen, are a few only of those who have found in lithography a medium for conveying the most delicate thoughts and memories of persons and places; and to these may be added the names of two veterans in oil painting, Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Alma Tadema, who have tried their hands, not unsuccessfully, at lithography.

In many ways the foreigners, however, will prove more attractive than even our own most successful



DR. EDWARD JENNER (1749-1823),
WHO INTRODUCED VACCINATION.

draughtsmen, and amongst these we must place quite in the first rank the Americans, although they are but slenderly represented in this gathering. Nevertheless, Mr. H. Ranger's two views of Quebec, Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Street Scene in Havana," and others, show the delicacy of touch acquired by our Transatlantic cousins. France, of course, leads the way, both as regards numbers and variety of style and application; and it is extremely interesting to follow the almost chronological sequence of the French lithographers, and to trace in their work the various phases of political and social change through which France has passed during the present century. In later times, under the guidance of H. Rivière, P. Helleu, Fantin-Latour, and others, the purely artistic element has become dominant; but it is impossible not to see that this was not the original use of lithography in France. In Germany the Dresden School has recently occupied the leading place in the practice of this art, but Munich and Düsseldorf had formerly a considerable reputation. In Switzerland Calamé attained great and deserved celebrity; in Italy, C. Dusi; and in Spain, under the direction of Juan de Madrazo, several lithographers have produced works of remarkable beauty. In Holland and Belgium, lithography has long been held in high esteem, but seldom for the production of original work, unless we except the elder Scheffer, who, however, seems to have worked for others, and not for himself.

More recently, chromo-lithography has played an important part in book and newspaper illustration, and the names of Vincent Brooks, M. H. Long, and W. Griggs are specially prominent in the application of this art to commercial purposes. The French "posters," however, strike a more original note, and as a rule, display a boldness of colouring and design, of which the object is to arrest the attention rather than to please the eye. It may be less well known that one branch of the Napoleon family—that of the Duke of Berg—practised the art of lithography with excellent results, as seen in the dozen Italian sketches, of which Princess Charlotte was the designer.

Altogether, the loan collection at South Kensington is one of the most interesting brought together for several years; but it will make many regret that they have not been more careful in preserving old lithographs and in purchasing new ones as they appeared.



THE VAGARIES OF A DUMMY TORPEDO.

From a Sketch by the Rev. W. C. Bourchier, H.M.S. "Howe."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES FOR FASHODA.

Several offers have been received by the Church Missionary Society from missionaries already at work in different fields (among them doctors, nurses, and clergy), and also from other possible helpers, to go to the Soudan. The committee of the society has decided to organise a Medical Mission to Fashoda and the district south of it. To this end offers of service are invited. A selection has already been made of three men, who are instructed to hold themselves ready for advance at the earliest opportunity. These are Dr. F. J. Harpur, at present at work in Old Cairo as head of the Medical Mission there; the Rev. R. Sterling, who has charge of the society's Medical Mission at Gaza, being a medical man as well as a clergyman; and the Rev. Douglas M. Thornton, a Cambridge man. They are all fully prepared to accept the call, and are practically in readiness at any time. Dr. Harpur and Dr. Sterling have, both of them, considerable knowledge of Arabic, and could as well as most men hold direct intercourse with the people to whom they go. But they will also secure the advantage of native Christian helpers from the Egypt Mission or elsewhere. It is not yet thought likely that ladies could go so far into the interior. But some of the nurses already in the mission hospitals are only awaiting a call to prepare to advance.

The present expedition can hardly be expected to do more than make a beginning, and reinforcements will at once be urgently needed both to fill the gaps made and to be preparing to strengthen the mission in the Soudan as the possibilities widen.

It was in 1882 that the society reopened its Egypt Mission, aiming not now, as previously, at the reformation in the first instance of the Coptic Church, but more directly at the conversion of the Moslems. And it was with at least a distant hope that some day the way through Egypt and the Soudan might open out before the society. This has been one of the strong grounds for the maintenance of the Egypt Mission. The society has not hitherto been able to make the mission a strong one, and in the light of the advancing forces of another mission, the American Presbyterian Mission, the question has sometimes been raised whether the Church Missionary Society were justified in remaining in the field. Since, however, it has been for years the steady purpose of the committee to move on into the Soudan, there has been no difficulty in maintaining a good mutual understanding with the American society that they should continue their Cairo Mission as one for which, in itself, there is an adequate field, and also as a training-ground for workers, both European and native, who may in due course move south into the "regions beyond." When the time for such a move comes it is likely to be made by a long first step far southwards, because the American society has pushed on and on up the Nile Valley, and our aim is to begin in the unoccupied ground beyond them.

THE COOLIE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The whole of South Africa is agitated at the present time over the Indian immigrant question, and in the Transvaal the matter is giving rise to acute feeling. Our Illustrations relate to the extraordinary demonstrations held in Durban to protest against the landing of Asiatics. Our picture (No. 3) of the coolies after landing is valuable as showing the type of men with whom the Transvaal is at present dealing.

AN ERRANT TORPEDO.

An amusing incident in the life of our sailors serving with the Mediterranean Fleet is illustrated in our present number. A party from the fleet had landed at Platea Bay, Acarnania, to enjoy a game of football, and the Greeks came out to look on. One game at a time would have satisfied the Greek spectators. More, however, was in store; for an errant practice torpedo dashed up the beach out of the silent sea, exposing some fifteen feet of its length, and splashing as many feet high. This was bad enough for the Greeks; but when they saw the smoke of the fuse which is fixed to the torpedo in order that its course may be traced by the practising crew, the consternation was indescribable. Jack Tar alone knew

that this did not portend an explosion, and remained at his post, enjoying his pipe with an expression of philosophic contempt. The torpedo measured 17 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 6 in. Our correspondent witnessed this incident, and forthwith made the sketch from which our Illustration is taken.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

The iron horse leaves no portion of the earth untrod, and his civilising mission nowhere shows more prospect of success than in the fertile territory of Uganda, which promises to be one of the fairest provinces of British East Africa. Our Illustrations practically explain themselves. We give pictures of the Tsao River, temporarily bridged, of Ndi Station, of the Market Place at Voi, of the station there, and an interesting scene representing a caravan of the Wakamba going into camp for the night. In a short time such picturesque methods of travel will have yielded to the conquering rail. Uganda lies west and north-west of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and is about six hundred miles inland. It forms part of the territory which was allotted to Britain in terms of the Anglo-German agreement. The area is upwards of 90,000 square miles, and the total population is estimated as between 300,000 and 500,000. The country is held by a military force commanded by British officers. Formerly the administration was in

into the nest, I found only one egg left, on which the hen began to sit! In a very few minutes the sparrows attacked her again, and on looking into the nest I found it was empty." One is glad to learn, however, that the plucky little flycatchers persisted, and ultimately contrived to hatch out four eggs in the same nest.

In Hungary I have seen small roughly made platforms put under the roofs of house and restaurant verandahs, on which the swallows nested in numbers. In France, where intelligent agriculturists are now complaining of the lack of small birds, we see, on the other hand, arrangements made, by means of wide tubes let into the low, slanting house-roofs, to entice the birds into building just within the garrets, only to be eaten by the householders before they can take their flight.

The sparrow must be kept down, but it seems useless for man to attempt to regulate the proceedings of our wild creatures, however successful he may be with domesticated animals. The balance of nature, which has been tampered with, brings a Nemesis. The natural enemies of the sparrow, such as the sparrowhawk, the jackdaw, and others, have been thoughtlessly persecuted and killed off in numbers.

In one part of the country where jackdaws have been encouraged, the numbers of sparrows have of late years diminished greatly. Even in our London parks Mr. W. H. Hudson has watched the successful raids made on the young of sparrows by the jackdaw. If we persist in judicious bird-protection, we shall doubtless reap an ample reward in the re-establishment of that balance which is a part of the scheme of the wise Creator.

Speaking of jackdaws, the report I have alluded to contains an interesting account of a little colony whose nests were all dome-shaped—an innovation on their usual habits, no doubt resorted to as a way of adapting themselves to certain local circumstances of their surroundings. Mr. Wells Bladen, of Stone, describes them as being in a group of Scotch firs, on a bank rising from a large pool in the neighbourhood of Moddershall, in Staffordshire. His sons had known of them for several years. On asking a rustic at work near if jackdaws built no open nests there, the man's reply was: "Jackdaws allus builds them kinds o' nesses," indicating these domed nests. There were about five of them. "Overhead four old jackdaws flew round and round, and we were struck by the fact that they uttered no cry of alarm, forming a strong contrast to rooks, whose noisy clamour when their nesting-places are approached is well known."

One of the nests was at a height of 58 ft., in the highest fork of the tree. It was a very bulky one, and the nest-cavity was filled with cow-hair and wool. The whole was covered and protected by a strong dome of sticks, furnished with great thorns. One of the nests contained four young birds about a fortnight old, and under another tree were eggshells which had lately been dropped.

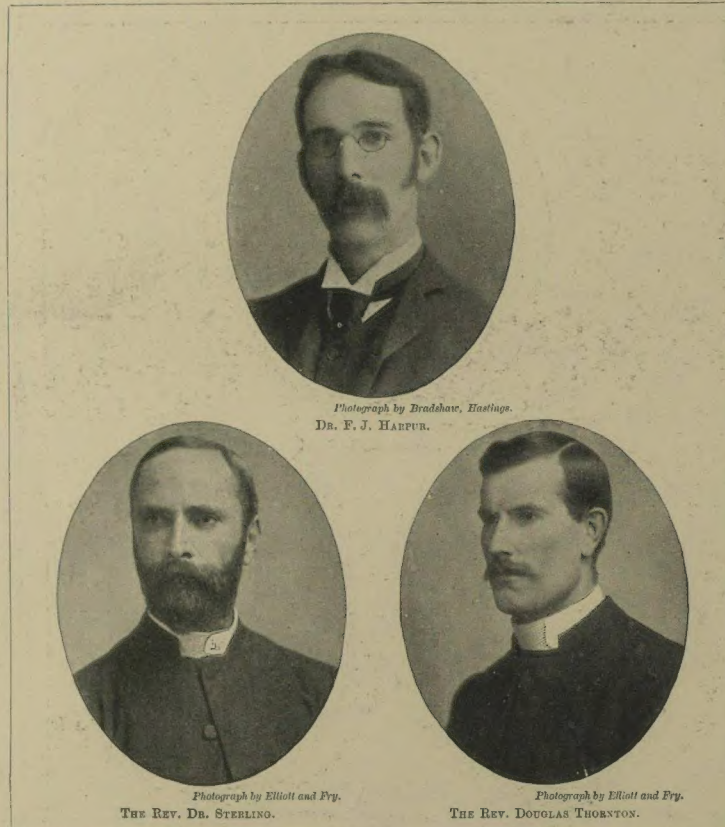
No one knew of rooks ever having built in these trees; and, from the rustic's answer, Mr. Bladen concluded that such was their common habit in that particular district.

Jackdaws have been often known to take possession of the old nests of wood-pigeons in fir-trees, and to seize the nests of rooks, but we never remember to have read or heard of these birds constructing for themselves domed nests.

Mr. Masefield tells us that the badger still survives in Staffordshire, in spite of persecution; and he hopes to dispel the fears of landowners who are fox-hunters, and to make friends for that poor harmless beast, by reporting the statement of an authority on badgers, Mr. Heinman, of Porlock, who, he says, has had unusual opportunities of studying the ways of badgers, to the effect that in Devonshire, Somerset, and Northamptonshire he "has constantly found full-grown foxes and badgers dwelling together in unity."

The badger is more of a vegetable than a flesh feeder, and he does good by destroying great numbers of wasps' nests in those districts where he is not ruthlessly dug out or shot. During the winter months he will keep himself as comfortable and warm as he can in some hole amongst the roots of an old tree. Hedgehogs he will devour if he comes across them. His own hind-quarters cured make very good eating, and his fur is useful in the manufacture of "softening" tools for the painter and decorator.

J. A. O.



Photograph by Bradshaw, Hastings.
DR. F. J. HARPUR.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. DR. STERLING.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. DOUGLAS THORNTON.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES FOR FASHODA.

the hands of the British East Africa Company, who made it over to the Government in 1894, when the country became a protectorate. The military force referred to takes some supervision of British interests in the Eastern Soudan. The civil administration is under the control of the Foreign Office. The places of chief importance are Rubaga and Mengo. The principal exports are ivory, gum, and hides, and the country produces in great abundance maize, millet, and batatas. Such a country cannot fail to benefit greatly by railway enterprise.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

The question in what way we shall try to thin the numbers of our common sparrow is still a vexed one. A great authority in ornithological matters advised the pulling down of their nests before the birds began to sit as the most humane way of doing this; but the bird in question is full of resources, and now innumerable complaints are reaching our Bird Protection Committees that the sparrow is driving out the useful house-martin, whose work is altogether beneficial to us. Nor does he confine himself to robbing the nests of house-martins. In the report of the North Staffordshire Field Club, just out, a member says: "Late in May a pair of flycatchers built on a ledge under my window. One evening, after the hen had been sitting about a fortnight I saw four or five house-sparrows trying to hustle her off her nest, which, notwithstanding the gallant way in which her mate fought for her, they succeeded in doing. On looking

PERSONAL.

Mr. David MacIver, who has been elected M.P. for the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool, is a steam-ship owner and is the senior partner of the firm of David MacIver and Co. He was a partner in the old firm of D. and C. MacIver, but he retired from the firm in 1874 in order to go into business on his own account. He then joined the Board of the Great Western Railway Company, of which he is now one of the senior directors. He represented Birkenhead in Parliament from 1874 to 1885 with much satisfaction to his constituents; but, to their great regret, declined to contest the seat in 1886, owing to business engagements which at that time centred in Liverpool, and were incompatible with his duties in the House of Commons. He is a member of the Carlton Club. He has for several years been a vice-president and a member of the Executive Committee of the Liverpool Constitutional Association, and he is at present the chairman of the Liverpool Conservative Club. For a number of years he has been chairman of the Conservative Organisation in the Exchange Division, during which his party have been successful in two contested Parliamentary elections.

The gallant conduct of two officers of the Royal Navy during the recent outbreak in Crete has been rewarded by her Majesty with a Victoria Cross and a Distinguished Service Order. The V.C. has been conferred on Surgeon W. J. Maillard, M.D., whose action is thus described in the *Gazette*: "On Sept. 6, 1898, during the landing of seamen from her Majesty's ship *Hazard*, Surgeon Maillard,

Asylum, Lancaster, from its commencement, and scarcely ever failed to be present at the Christmas festivities, assisting the afflicted little ones to enjoy themselves. He contributed liberally to that institution, and took sole cost upon himself (£4100) for the erection of a home for feeble-minded girls there. The Storey Institute, which combines municipal technical school, art gallery and art school, free library and reading-rooms, was his gift to the town, and cost about £30,000. He delighted to encourage those struggling after learning, and to remind them of the distinguished men who had gone forth from Lancaster. In 1893 he was High Sheriff of Lancashire, and he also held the post of Deputy-Lieutenant. He leaves a widow, five sons, and two daughters. He was in his seventy-third year.

Sergeant G. A. Benson, of the Medical Staff Corps, was one of the gallant soldiers at Omdurman who risked their own lives to aid their wounded comrades. During the Queen's recent visit to Netley Hospital, her Majesty personally fastened the Distinguished Service medal on Sergeant Benson's breast. The Queen conferred a similar gracious mark of favour upon Private Davidson, of the same corps.

We include among our portraits this week that of Corporal Gale, of the 1st Leinster Regiment, who, as we mentioned last week, was killed in West Africa in the massacre of a British party. An Imperial force under Lieutenant Keating had proceeded to Yelwa, on the Niger, between Jebba and Ilo, and were parleying with the natives for canoes. The native chief tried to make the

Dupont lately asserted that it was the invariable practice of the English to begin hostilities without a declaration of war. The course of European affairs is not likely to be much affected by the Lemaitres and the Duponts.

The Picquart court-martial has virtually collapsed. It was decided by the Supreme Court that the military trial must be adjourned till an examination of all the documents showed whether the case belonged to the military or the civil jurisdiction. This decision was tantamount to a severe snub to General Zurlinden, who has acted throughout this affair with a reckless disregard of justice and even common decency. For the time the military party are checkmated, but their friends are endeavouring to incite Paris to riots, and so make a pretext for proclaiming a state of siege. The Government are not strong enough even to protect the Supreme Court from insult, though it may be that M. Dupuy believes the prestige of the Court is more than a match for the Rochefort rabble.

Lord George Hamilton has come to the defence of Lord Beaconsfield's famous assertion at an Academy dinner that the most distinguished faculty of the British school of painters for a quarter of a century before the speech was made was imagination. On the same evening Lord Beaconsfield, looking through the Academy galleries, remarked to Browning that imagination was conspicuous by its absence. Lord George Hamilton maintains that this was no contradiction of the other proposition. That particular exhibition did not happen to illustrate the faculty which the orator had claimed for the British school in his



Photograph by Bell, Ambleside.

MR. D. MACIVER,

New M.P. for Kirkdale Division, Liverpool.



Photograph by Russell, Southampton.

LIEUTENANT NICHOLSON, R.N., D.S.O.

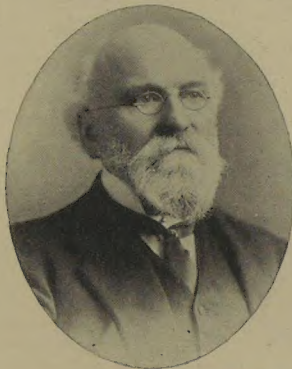


Photograph by West, Gosport.

SURGEON MAILLARD, V.C.



Photograph by Johnstone & Skene, Glasgow.

THE EARL OF HOPETOUN,
The New Lord Chamberlain.

Photograph by Davis, Lancaster.

THE LATE SIR THOMAS STOREY.



Photograph by Gregory.

SERGEANT BENSON,

Decorated by the Queen at Netley.



Photograph by Bell.

THE LATE CORPORAL GALE,
1st Leinster Regiment.

THE LATE MR. J. P. ASPINALL, Q.C.

who had disembarked and reached a place of safety, returned through a perfect deluge of bullets to the boat and endeavoured to bring into safety Arthur Stroud, ordinary seaman, who had fallen back wounded into the boat as the other men jumped ashore. Surgeon Maillard failed to bring Stroud in only through the boat being adrift, and it being beyond his strength to lift the man (who was almost dead) out of so unstable a platform. Surgeon Maillard returned to his post with his clothes riddled with bullets, though he himself was unhurt. The other officer is Lieutenant Edward H. M. Nicholson, who has been made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order. He also belongs to H.M.S. *Hazard*, which he joined in 1896.

The Earl of Hopetoun, who has succeeded the late Lord Latham as Lord Chamberlain, is thirty-eight years of age. From 1883 to 1886 he served as Junior Whip in the House of Lords; from 1885 to 1889 he was Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen; from 1889 he was Governor of Victoria. In 1886 his Lordship married a daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry.

By the death of Sir Thomas Storey, Lancaster loses a merchant prince and a benefactor. The son of a schoolmaster, he came to Lancaster at twelve years of age, and entered a cotton-factory, supplementing his earnings by bookkeeping at nights. Then he struck out as a railway surveyor, and became manager of a local line of railway just laid between Morecambe and Skipton, now merged with the Midland system. In 1851 he joined his elder brother and uncle in the manufacture of oilcloth, which through varying processes of improvement and development has become Lancaster's staple industry. Sir Thomas was a liberal contributor to philanthropic institutions. He was connected with the Royal Albert

Imperial force prisoners. In the ensuing fight, the Lieutenant, Corporal Gale, and twelve native troops were killed. The Lieutenant's body was recovered, but not that of Corporal Gale.

The late Mr. James Perronet Aspinall, Q.C., was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Bridge Aspinall, Q.C., Recorder of Liverpool. Born in 1844, Mr. Aspinall was educated for the profession of law, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1867. In 1891 he became a Benchman, and the following year he took silk. His practice lay chiefly in the Admiralty division, and he succeeded to a good deal of Sir W. Phillimore's practice on the latter's elevation to the Bench. In 1867 he married Emilie Agnes, daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Ullathorne, of Lancaster Gate. Mr. Aspinall was a J.P. for Suffolk, where he had a country house.

Sir Edmund Monson has expressed his goodwill towards France at a Young Men's Christian Association meeting in Paris. He said he began his official career in the French capital, and hoped to end it there. He had nothing but kindly feeling for the French nation, especially at Christmas time. The French, it is clear, are not so angry with the British Ambassador personally as with the determination of England, to which he gave very plain expression, not to allow France to embarrass British policy in the Soudan. That is the unpardonable offence.

Some distinguished Frenchmen are discussing the expediency of a Franco-German alliance to spite England. It is a rather childish speculation, but it pleases M. Jules Lemaitre, who has turned his mind from the theatre to high politics. M. Lemaitre, whose ignorance of England and the English is absolute, has described the Anglo-Saxons as the curse of the human race. A certain Admiral

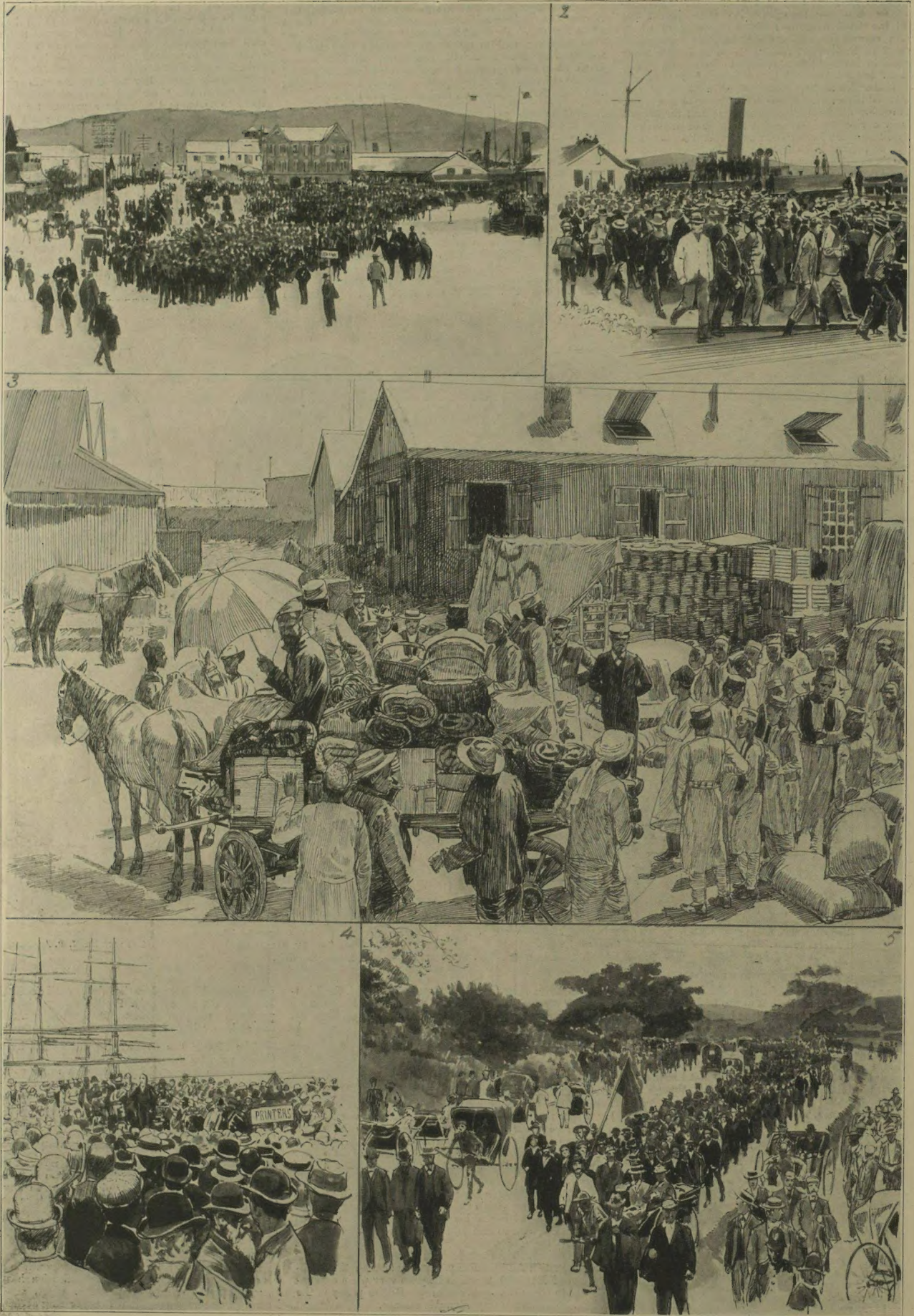
own time. This explanation does credit to Lord George Hamilton's training as a Parliamentary pleader. Most people will remain convinced that Lord Beaconsfield played one of his sardonic jokes on the Academy.

The Kaiser has expressed great sympathy with the Czar's proposal for the suspension of armaments, but a Bill for the increase of the German army will pass the Reichstag all the same. The Kaiser has hopes that the nations will consent, at all events, not to patent any new and more murderous weapons. How the temptation to avail themselves of deadly inventions is to be resisted by military authorities does not appear. Any self-denying ordinance would merely stimulate ingenuity in evading it.

Dean Bradley has intimated that no application for the erection of a memorial of Washington in Westminster Abbey has been made to him, and that, in any case, it could not be entertained. Americans will take no offence at this. They know that the character and aims of George Washington are held in the highest esteem by Englishmen, but could not be commemorated in the Abbey without obvious incongruity.

Sir Henry Irving has gone to Bournemouth to complete his convalescence. His vigorous constitution has already thrown off the effects of pleurisy, which are usually lingering, and he is sanguine of reappearing at the Lyceum at Easter.

Messrs. Birn Brothers, the fine art publishers, of 69, Bunhill Row, E.C., send us a selection of very pretty Christmas and New Year cards. Their great feature is the admirable artistic designs by such well-known artists as Alma Tadema, Marcus Stone, Maud Goodman, and Kate Perugini.



1. Demonstrators Waiting for Orders.

2. Demonstrators Leaving the Wharf to hear Mr. Escombe.

3. Landing of the Undesirables: Typical Coolies Off to Town on a Trolley.

4. Mr. Escombe Addressing 5000 Demonstrators.

5. The Demonstrators led by J. S. Wylie Nearing the Point.

THE COOLIE QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From Photographs by J. E. Middlebrook, supplied by the Courtesy of the Proprietors of "South Africa."



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The knocking was repeated; Hildé sat up in the darkness, staring through her tangled hair at the dim outline of the door. "Who is it?" she asked, striving to steady her voice.

There came the shuffle of feet, a sound of whispered consultation. Suddenly a voice spoke out: "We want your house for a hospital. The wounded are coming in by the Porte Rouge."

Hildé sprang from the bed and groped in the darkness for her clothes, bidding them wait and she would open. And now Yolette was stirring in the next room, and Bourke came downstairs, half dressed, and lighted a fire in the dining-room, for there was no other means of illumination.

When Hildé appeared, soldiers of the Hospital Corps were piling straw in the passage. Outside, the street was choked with cavalry, their helmets glimmering in the frosty dawn. Already a red-cross flag hung over the door-steps, its soiled folds stirring lazily with every icy current of air.

When the first stretcher appeared, borne by priests, the cavalry moved on, and the sad trumpet's peal was echoed by steel cuirasses clashing, and the chiming of spurs and sabres, and a thousand horseshoes' iron clink. One by one the ambulances creaked up the street from the Porte Rouge; one by one the stretchers passed. Every house received its load of wounded; every house hoisted the Geneva cross.

Yolette and Hildé helped the soldiers to spread straw on the floors; all the lower rooms were taken, and the wounded lay there side by side, half-frozen, pale as corpses. There were a few Germans among them, quiet fair-haired fellows, staring at everybody with mild blue eyes. One of them, a mere boy, watched Hildé as she moved about with cups of hot brandy, silently waiting his turn, which never came, for he died without a sound before she reached his side.

It was late in the afternoon when the surgeons came. Hildé and Yolette gave up their places to some sad-eyed Sisters of Mercy, and Bourke insisted that they should go to Harewood's room on the floor above. They slept there that night, keeping each other warm as best they could, for they had given most of the bed-coverings to the wounded.

At daylight the dead-cart came to their door, halted for its load, and then rumbled on to the next house. Other wagons passed, creaking under their weight of wounded; sounds rose from the kitchen, where already the good Sisters were making broth and splitting green wood. Hildé, her head on Yolette's breast, could hear Bourke stirring in his room. Yolette heard it too, and opened her blue eyes. It was daylight. "Did you sleep, Hildé?" she asked. "You are so pale."

"Yes, I slept. Did you hear that wounded man groan? Oh, Yolette! Yolette! I think I heard him die—die down there in the cold and dark."

She rose shivering to break the ice in her water-jug; her shoulders, white as the snow outside, shrank under the icy sponge.

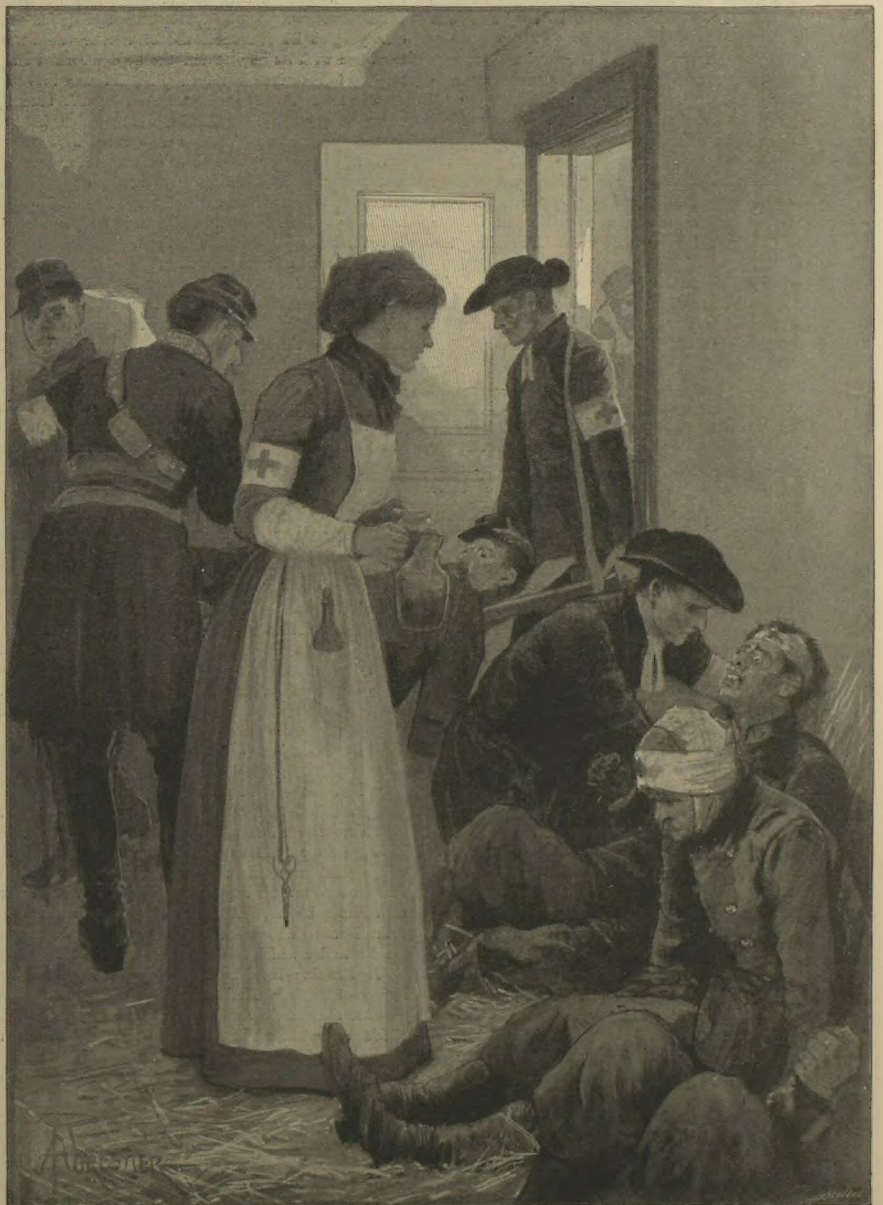
"This dreadful smell of chloroform makes my head ache," said Yolette; "the whole house reeks of carbolic acid too. Shall I open the window?"

Hildé crept into her grey woollen gown, held her wrists out for Yolette to fasten the linen cuffs, and then, pinning on the nurse's apron, went downstairs. Around one arm, just above the elbow, she wore the white band and red cross of the volunteer nurse.

The Sisters of Mercy greeted her in low voices, and told her that the empty places on the straw had already been filled. A fresh convoy of wounded was at the Porte Rouge; the whole quarter had been turned into a vast

hospital, and nurses and surgeons were coming from the Luxembourg and Sorbonne.

That night, however, orders arrived to transport the wounded to the Luxembourg, and amid the confusion of



Around one arm, just above the elbow, she wore the white band and red cross of the volunteer nurse.

passing cavalry, the crush of ambulances, the endless processions of stretchers, the throngs of nurses, priests, and soldiers, the wounded were carried out once more to their straw-filled wagons. It was snowing heavily; across the lurid glare of the torches the flakes fell thickly, covering the blankets of the wounded and the nurses' cloaks. The whole quarter echoed with the noise of departure; from every street the groaning of the stricken and the quick, clear orders of the surgeons rose and mingled in one monotonous plaint. At length, when the house was empty, and the last stretcher had passed out to join the torchlit procession in the snow, Hildé sat down on the sofa and buried her head in Yolette's arms. Her tears were tears of sheer physical weakness, for she had eaten nothing since the night before, saving every scrap for the wounded, in spite of Bourke's protestations.

And now, because the wounded had needed so much, Bourke found his cellar empty. He had sent Red Riding-Hood to procure a card, and that night they ate the Government rations for the first time. Yolette tried to make light of it, saying that the soup was good, and that she did not believe it could be anything but beef-broth. Hildé and Bourke ate their portions, and swallowed the coarse lumps of black bread, too tired to care what they were eating.

"This can't last long," said Bourke; "the siege must end one way or another." He looked anxiously at Yolette as he spoke; her forced gaiety was heartbreaking. What in the world was he to do? His money was gone; the last tin of provisions had been given to the wounded.

"Who cares?" said Yolette lightly. "If the army eat horse, surely we can eat it! Shame on you, Cecil—you a great strong man! What would Monsieur Harewood say?"

"Jim is probably not dining on horse," said Bourke cheerfully. "Ten to one he's in Bordeaux, living like a prince, and wondering how long we Parisians are going to stand it."

"I know," said Hildé, flushing, "that if he could come back he would come."

"Of course he would," said Bourke; "he'll come the minute the gates are opened. It won't be long now, one way or the other."

"There is but one way," said Hildé gravely.

"Of course!—of course we must win. I don't mean to say that the city will surrender," said Bourke hastily.

"The Governor of Paris has promised not to surrender," announced Red Riding-Hood, as though that settled the matter for ever.

After a moment Yolette began: "Have you noticed that the cannonade grows louder every evening? I have thought that perhaps the Germans are getting nearer the forts of the south. To-day I could see smoke all along the Meudon hills."

Bourke said nothing. He knew that, to the astonishment of the Government, the Germans had suddenly unmasked a siege-battery, and were pounding the barracks of Issy to powder. "I have been thinking," he said, after a moment, "that perhaps we had better move this week—in fact I have already engaged three rooms for us in the Rue Serpente." Yolette looked at him in amazement. "It is well to be prepared," he continued, with a smile. "Our ramparts here are not far from the southern forts, and, in the event of the Prussians establishing siege-batteries, they might take it into their heads to send their big shells sailing over the forts to our own ramparts."

"And if Monsieur Harewood returns?" said Hildé faintly.

"He'd rather find our house in ruins than its tenants blown to pieces, wouldn't he?" smiled Bourke. "Any way, this house is not the place for you at present."

Hildé said nothing. Yolette leaned across the table and began a low murmured conversation with Bourke that only ended when Red Riding-Hood woke up from the sofa and began to whimper with the cold.

The next morning Bourke went to the house in the Rue Serpente, taking a man to carry his personal luggage. By the afternoon Yolette's and Hildé's slender wardrobes were deposited in the furnished rooms at No. 19, Rue Serpente, and in the tiny kitchen Red Riding-Hood was installed in a cot. It was the 4th of January; on the 5th they were to take possession, and the house on the ramparts was to remain closed until the end of the siege. All day long Yolette and Hildé were busy with the furniture and bedding. They dusted and aired the familiar rooms, packed table-linen and plated ware away, arranged the kitchen dishes, locked and bolted the garden-doors and windows, and closed the shutters.

There had been a meagre distribution of rations that day; Bourke had no money to buy food, and there was nothing to do but wait for the morrow.

As they sat there by the dining-room windows late in the day, Yolette thought of that afternoon when Bourke had told her that he loved her. He was sitting now, just as he had sat that day, the day that seemed already years away. Bourke raised his head. "Are you thinking of it too?" he asked gently.

"Yes, Cecil."

Hildé rose and slipped away to her own silent chamber. The blue-mantled saint looked down at her with the same complacent smile on her china face, and the rosary still hung beneath. For the last time she knelt and prayed for the man she loved—for his return if living, for his forgiveness

if dead. Her eyes filled, her head swam; she sank back against the bed in a passion of weeping, her hands clasped over her eyes. Through the evening clouds the setting sun shot one long red ray into the room. She rose to her knees and looked out at the first gleam of light seen for many days; and as she looked, a speck grew before her eyes, nearer, nearer, slanting downward, seeming to strike her window. She sprang up. A white pigeon fluttered at the pane—a tired, frightened little thing that let her take it in her hands and smooth it, and murmur to it senseless, pitiful words. Under one wing, fastened to a quill, was a message for the Governor of Paris. She touched the quill with hesitating fingers, and, finding it secure, folded back the pigeon's wings and warmed it in her breast. Then, knowing it was rested and ready to resume its journey, she kissed the little feathered head and let it go. The bird rose high in the air, circled twice, then slanted westward and was lost in the smoke-wreaths drifting in from the distant forts.

An hour later the Governor of Paris knew that the Army of the East had been annihilated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

On the 5th of January, at seven minutes after five in the afternoon, the first shell fell in Paris. The projectile entered the city a little north-east from the fort of Vanves and plunged into the street, exploding with frightful force. A moment later the ominous quaver of another shell was heard from the Porte Rouge; the huge projectile seemed to hang above the Rue d'Ypres, growing larger and larger as it neared the street. Suddenly it exploded, sweeping the roof-tops with a hail of iron fragments, wrecking the chimneys and tiles, and showering the street with shattered slates.

An old woman ran shrieking along the pavement, her grey hair dripping with blood; a gunner on the ramparts lay writhing beside the Prophet. The artillerymen recovered from their amazement and swung the great gun south-west; a clap of thunder shook the bastions, a white cloud wrapped the Prophet; but again came the terrifying shriek of a shell, nearer, nearer—then the street trembled with its impact and the houses rocked and reeled to their foundations as the Prophet thundered its reply.

The forts of the south were flaming and blazing from every embrasure; the batteries, the redoubts, the southern bastions of the fortifications were covered with smoke; but still into the city plunged the Prussian shells, blowing houses to ruins, setting fire to roofs, exploding in the streets, on bridges and quays, squares and boulevards, hurling death and destruction to the four quarters of Paris. Three little children, crossing the Rue Malaise, were blown to atoms; a woman, running for shelter to the Prince Murat Barracks, was disembowelled in the Rue d'Ypres. A convent was struck repeatedly; two shells entered a hospital and tore the helpless wounded to shreds; another killed a poor American student in his room in the Rue de Seine. Night now added to the horror of the scene; the darkness was lighted with the flames of burning houses; the uproar of the forts, the scream and hiss of shells, the deafening explosions of the cannon blended in a tumult indescribably frightful. At moments, in the brief lulls of the uproar, the iron knell of the tocsin was heard, the fainter booming of drums calling to arms, the distant rush of artillery galloping pell-mell to the bastions.

In the Rue Serpente, Hildé and Yolette crouched, half dead with terror. A shell had fallen at the corner of the street and torn a café to pieces. Bourke had been away since early noon, and Yolette's fright and anxiety for him drove Hildé to forget her own fear.

In that dark narrow street, with its rows of ancient houses, women and children, frantic, shrieking, dishevelled, ran hither and thither to escape the shells. Some shouted, "The other side of the river! Save yourselves!" Others ran back into the tall, crumbling houses to cower on the worm-eaten stairs or crawl into the cellars.

"We must go to the cellar," repeated Hildé with white lips. "Yolette, everybody is going to the cellar!"

"I cannot—I will not stir until he comes back!" whispered Yolette. "Go to the cellar if you wish."

Shell after shell, moaning, whistling, flew high overhead; the air hummed with them, the windows vibrated. There came a terrific report from the corner of the street, and a house bulged outward, falling slowly amid the crash of wooden beams. A heap of plaster choked the road; some kindled woodwork lighted up the mass of lime and bricks, under which something writhed feebly.

Red Riding-Hood knelt, clinging to Hildé's skirt in an agony of fright. The child was still in her night-gown, and her little limbs shook with the cold. Somebody on the stairs cried out: "The roof is on fire!" Another rushed screaming to the cellar.

"Come!" murmured Hildé. "We cannot stay—Yolette—we shall be burned if we stay—oh, come, come!"

"Not to the cellar," cried Yolette. "What are you doing? The house will burn over you!" They were on the stairs now, Hildé dragging the child by the hand, Yolette following and trying to make herself heard in the din. "Don't go into the street!" she cried again.

"We can't stay in the house!" panted Hildé desperately.

"Go back! Go back!" shouted a crowd of soldiers

who came stampeding through the street and poured into the houses. "The cellars are safe—go to the cellars!" They pushed past the doorway, beckoning Hildé to follow. She shrank against the door-post, holding tight to Yolette and Red Riding-Hood.

The street outside was ruddy with the glare of burning houses; the shells streamed high overhead toward the Pantheon now, falling beyond the Rue Serpente, some in the Boulevard St. Michel, some on the Sorbonne, many on the Val de Grâce, and a few even in the river. The fire of the Prussian guns shifted capriciously: now the Montparnasse Quarter was covered with projectiles, now the Luxembourg, now the Latin Quarter. But always the shells streamed thickest towards the hospitals, the barracks, the churches, palaces, and great public buildings.

As the shells ceased falling in the Rue Serpente, the people crept from the cellars, the soldiers of the Garde Mobile slunk off, and a company of firemen came up at a run, dragging their hand-machine. Bands of skulking vagrants prowled through the street, half bold, half timid, peering into doorways, hanging about wrecked houses, pushing, crying, insulting women.

One of these ruffians entered the passage where Hildé stood, and began to ascend the stairs, but, evidently considering the shabby house not worth his attention, turned and stood hesitating in the full glare of a burning house.

"Mademoiselle Hildé," whispered Red Riding-Hood, "look, look!"

At the same moment the vagabond saw Hildé, and shrank back against the wall. It was the Mouse, Hildé sprang to the shaky stairs and seized him by his ragged sleeve. The startled young ruffian suffered himself to be dragged up the stairs and into the little apartment, now brightly illuminated by the flames from the burning house at the corner. Yolette and Red Riding-Hood followed.

"Now," muttered Hildé, breathless, "tell me where he is? What have you done with him?" She stood before the Mouse with flashing eyes and little fists clenched, repeating harshly: "You swore to me that you would be with him, that you would keep him from harm. You slunk out of the house with that promise to me, and I let you go—I promised to say nothing to the others. What have you done with him?"

"He's been shot!" gasped the Mouse; "he was——"

"Shot!" whispered Hildé.

"He isn't dead," growled the Mouse. "I came to find Monsieur Bourke, but when I went to the Rue d'Ypres you all had decamped. Then," he continued, with a cringing gesture, "I started to look for you, and quite by accident, Mademoiselle, I met some friends—but I was not stealing," he whined, glancing furtively around; "no, indeed, I stole nothing as the others did; you will tell Monsieur Bourke that—you will tell Monsieur Bourke I was not pillaging houses?"

"Where is Monsieur Harewood?" interrupted Hildé.

"I was going to tell you," said the Mouse submissively; "I was going to tell Mademoiselle that Monsieur Harewood is in the casemates of the Nanterre Fort—very sick since they cut the bullet out. And it is quite true I was not pillaging. God is my witness—I have never stolen a pin." He glanced at Yolette, hitched his tattered trousers, and snivelled.

Twice Hildé strove to speak, but her colourless lips scarcely moved. Yolette put one arm around her and turned to the Mouse. "What message have you for Monsieur Bourke?" she asked. "Did Monsieur Harewood not send a message?"

"Yes," said the Mouse, "he wants to see him. It was not until last night that those cursed Prussians gave me a chance to leave the fort. We have been there since Le Bourget, when Monsieur was shot as he left the church."

He did not add that he had half carried, half dragged Harewood across the Mollette under a furious fusillade from the Prussian pickets. He was a coward as cowards go: his very ferocity proved it; yet he had instinctively clung to Harewood when a bullet through the leg knocked him over; he had hauled him out of the Prussian fire, much as a panther hauls its young from a common danger, with no reason in the world that human minds could fathom, totally unconscious that he deserved credit. The Mouse had received Harewood's thanks with indifference, if not suspicion, and now it never occurred to him to say that he had saved Harewood's life, although, like most criminals, he was a keen appreciator of the dramatic. No, what occupied the creature's meagre brain was the fear that Bourke might return and learn from Hildé and Yolette that he, the Mouse, had been looting.

He looked sideways at Yolette, who was leading her sister to the bed-room; he listened stupidly to Hildé's paroxysms of grief as she flung herself on the bed. That was all very confusing, but what would Bourke say? He looked down at his blackened hands, at the bludgeon still gripped in one bleeding fist, evidences of his share in the riotous night's work. "*Mince! je me salue!*" he blurted out, and at the same moment he saw Red Riding-Hood staring at him from the sofa. "What are you making eyes at, *hein!*" he demanded sullenly. "Perhaps you are going to say I was pillaging houses!"

The child, seized with a fit of shivering, cowered against the wall, drawing her feet in under her nightdress. The Mouse regarded her fiercely, twirling his bludgeon between his blackened fingers. Then, apparently satisfied that she

was too terrified to understand, he pulled his cap over his sightless eye, hid the bludgeon under his coat, and turned towards the door. Before he went out he hesitated; the sight of the frightened child seemed to exercise a certain fascination for him. He looked back, frowning, just to see whether it would frighten her a little more. It did; but, strangely enough, her fear gave him no gratification.

"See here, little one, do I scare you?" he asked curiously. "Yes," whimpered the child. A curious sensation, an unaccustomed thrill, something that had never come over him before, sent the blood tingling in the Mouse's large ears. He peered at the child narrowly. "Don't look like that," he said, "for I ain't going to hurt you." The child was silent. "You're cold," said the Mouse awkwardly; "go to bed."

"I'm afraid," she whispered.

"Of me?" asked the Mouse, with a strange sinking of the heart.

"Yes—and of the shells."

"I'll knock the head off any pig of a Prussian who harms you," said the Mouse, waving his club. "Never you mind the shells; they won't hurt you. Now are you afraid of me, little one?"

"No," sighed the child. A glow of pleasure suffused the Mouse's ears again. Then he felt ashamed, then he looked at the child, then he wondered why he should take pleasure in telling the little thing not to be afraid. For a while they contemplated each other in silence; then the child said: "When you were in the Rue d'Ypres I used to make you split wood. Do you remember?"

"Yes," said the Mouse, much gratified.

"And you were afraid of the lion," pursued Red Riding-Hood.

"*Dame!*" muttered the Mouse, "I am afraid still."

The child laughed—such a sad, thin little laugh. The Mouse, to please her, made an awful grimace and winked with his sightless eye. "Will you stay with us now?" asked the child.

The innocent question completely upset the Mouse; the idea that he was wanted anywhere, the sensation of protecting anything, was so new, so utterly astonishing, that even his habitual suspicion was carried away in the overwhelming novelty of the proposition.

Red Riding-Hood rose from the sofa, went to the bed and climbed in, then turned gravely to the Mouse. "Don't let anything harm us," she said. "Good-night."

For a long time the Mouse stood and stared at the pale little face on the pillow. There were blue circles under the closed eyes; the clustering black hair cast shadows over the hollow temples. Soon the exhaustion from hunger, fatigue, and fright brought sleep to tired lids. Even when Yolette and Hildé came in the child did not wake.

"I'm going to stay," said the Mouse sullenly. "If the shells come, the little girl will be frightened." As he spoke

he furtively felt for some purloined silver forks that filled one pocket, found them still there, glanced maliciously at Yolette, and coughed gently.

"Where is the Nanterre Fort?" asked Hildé faintly.

The Mouse explained in a whisper, apparently much relieved that nobody offered to examine his pockets.

"Is he all alone?" said Hildé.

"*Parbleu!* There's not much society in the case-mates," observed the Mouse; "no, nor many surgeons to spare. I'm going back to him to-morrow." He said it indifferently; he might have added that he was going at the risk of his life, but risks were too common at that time to occupy the attention of even such a coward as

Luxembourg had been struck. Then I came. Yolette, look at me! Good God! What a fool I was!"

She clung round his neck, smiling and weeping, telling him she should never again let him go. Hildé was silent; the Mouse fidgeted by the door; the child slept.

Then Hildé spoke of Harewood, of his message sent by the Mouse. Yolette cried out that she could not let Cecil go away again, and Bourke, devoured by anxiety, questioned the Mouse until that young bandit's mind was a hopeless chaos.

"You can't ask him to go, Hildé," implored her sister. "Oh, how can you ask Cecil to go to the forts when you know what they are doing out there?"

I can't let him—I cannot!"

"If Jim is not in danger I can go out with the next escort," said Bourke gravely. "If he is, then I must go at once."

The Mouse was vague; he didn't know what might happen since they cut out the bullet. His habitual distrust of doctors, of science in all its branches, made it plain to Bourke that there was nothing accurate to be learned from him. The Mouse lingered a minute or two, watching the sleeping child in the bed. Bourke told him he might go, and he went, as a dismissed dog goes, apologetically, half resentful, half conciliatory, clutching the forks in his pocket with dirty fingers. Hildé turned and went into her room, closing the door behind her.

"I must sleep with the child," said Yolette; "she wakes in the night, and trembles so, I almost fear she may die of fright. Cecil, is there any danger now from the shells?"

"I don't know," he said. "I will lie down in the kitchen. If they bombard the quarter again, we must go to the cellar. To-morrow I am going to take you and Hildé and Red Riding-Hood to the American Minister's. And, my darling, before we go you must marry me."

"Marry—now!" faltered Yolette.

"Otherwise, the American Minister cannot protect you. If you are my wife, he is bound to do so. I can't stand this sort of thing! The city has gone distracted; nobody is safe outside an Embassy. The Prussians must respect our flag, dear; and Anarchists and kindred ruffians dare not enter the Embassy. Shall I tell you what has happened in the Rue d'Ypres? A gang of Communists, cut-throats, and thieves have broken open our house, and are carousing in the cellar with our red wine. Stauffer, Mortier, and Buckhurst are there, and they will do us mischief if they have a chance." He went up to her and drew her head down to his shoulder. "Will you marry me to-morrow, Yolette," he asked, "so that I can leave you safe at the Embassy and go to my friend?"

"Yes," she whispered, and then threw both arms about him in a passion of tenderness and fear.

(To be continued.)



"Go back! Go back!" shouted a crowd of soldiers who came stampeding through the street.

THE NICARAGUA SHIP CANAL.

One of the most important stages in the geographical extension of modern civilising influences over the entire globe seems likely to be commenced by the indirect consequences of the recent victory of the United States over Spain. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" is a poetical prophecy, which has never seemed to approach so conspicuously its effectual fulfilment as it does now. European nations, especially Russia, France, and Germany, have lately found their way Eastward. But now we see a Western Power suddenly taking possession of the chief stepping-stones in tropical north latitudes, from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, across the Pacific, to the Malay Archipelago.

In complete accordance with such a progressive policy is the proposed construction of the Nicaragua Canal, uniting the navigation of the two oceans. This is no new project, but one which has been repeatedly discussed for more than fifty years past. It was in June 1848, as an instant consequence of the gold discoveries in California, that the Americans, in their swift, decided manner, seized upon the plan of an Isthmus Railway at Panama, making a treaty with the Republic of New Granada for its construction, but the first railway trains from Aspinwall ran across in January 1855. A Ship Canal, not by that route, but one traversing obliquely the wider isthmus of Tehuantepec, in the Republic of Nicaragua, three or four hundred miles north-west of Panama, had already been conceived. American and French speculators had engaged in this project. The latter found in



SCENE IN LEON, THE OLD OFFICIAL CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE PROJECTED NICARAGUA CANAL.



MAIN STREET IN THE CITY OF MANAGUA, THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA.

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then an exile in London after his escape from the prison at Ham, an able literary assistant of their undertaking. He wrote, from information supplied by their surveyors, an interesting pamphlet. But the French Republic of 1848, and the singular man of genius, who grasped the prize of power in its fall, had other business to attend to. Various proposals were mooted, and in 1849 President Taylor invited the co-operation of the maritime Powers of Europe. Lord Palmerston took up the matter. By the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in June 1850, it was stipulated, in effect, that neither the United States nor Great Britain should undertake, as a Government work, the construction of the canal, or acquire or occupy any land, or erect any fortifications, but they might encourage and support any company provided with private capital. The scheme was thus choked off; private jointstock capitalists, in the years that followed, would not put their money into a Nicaragua Canal. Then came secession, disruption, and the biggest civil war in all history, convulsing the American Union, but only to effect a salutary transformation.

These facts and other circumstances of later date affecting the financial as well as the political direction of national resources, both in America and in Europe, fully account for the Nicaragua Canal scheme being so long kept in abeyance. The small Republic of Nicaragua, which was in 1853, and again in 1857, the scene of Walker's notorious filibustering expeditions, sternly rebuked by the Government at Washington, has recently delivered itself from a temporary political connection with Costa Rica and adjacent States. It might, by the construction of this Ship Canal, be enriched, one would fancy, beyond the most romantic Spanish dreams of El Dorado.

T H E N I C A R A G U A S H I P C A N A L.



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| 1. The Cathedral at Leon. | 2. In the Suburbs of Elvas. | 3. Dredges, Nicaragua Canal. |
| 4. Ancient Castle on San Juan River, near the Atlantic Entrance to the Canal. | | 5. Government Palace, Managua, Capital of Nicaragua. |

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston dined for the last time together in England, before their departure for India, at the Hotel Cecil, in company with some seventy friends, who gathered at seven round tables. The set of people called "Souls," of whom Lord Kedleston is one, were well represented, but they were reinforced by numbers of those very persons whom the "Souls" in former days set down as Philistines. Among the diners were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Warwick, Georgiana Lady Dudley, and Mr. and Mrs. Asquith.

That a Spanish artist should visit America at this moment to take commissions as a portrait-painter is a sign of the generosity of the United States and of the Spanish confidence in it. A year or two's work must be before Madrazo, for he is said to have secured already nearly fifty commissions, as far apart as in San Francisco and New York.

After a lapse of more than eleven years since the fatal fire which destroyed it, the Paris Opéra Comique has arisen from its ashes. Our readers will obtain from the illustration on this page some idea of the exterior splendours of the new building. The façade represented is that facing the Place Boieldieu. The general scheme of the edifice is that of an Italian palace of the Renaissance. The whole exterior architecture, which is inspired by a classic taste gracefully modernised, does the utmost credit to M. Louis Bernier and the colleagues who have contributed the sculpture and ornament. Let it be understood, however, that the architect has been *maître absolu de son œuvre*. Within, the general arrangements of the theatre are on the most modern lines, the



THE NEW OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.

appointments are luxurious, the decorations superb. On the last many famous hands have been employed. The ceiling of the auditorium is by M. Benjamin Constant, that of the foyer by M. Albert Maignan. Other artists who have contributed to the beauty of the house are M. Raphaël Collin, M. Toudouze, M. Gervex, and M. François Flameng.

Mr. Justice Hawkins is determined to show the Bar in particular, and the world in general, how young an octogenarian really is. Middle age, which has no dramatic motive in such a manifestation, is naturally in revolt; and Mr. Henry Dickens, a son of the novelist, and one of the most discreet among Queen's Counsel, constituted himself the spokesman of outraged "silks" and of the very junior Bar. "Your Lordship might have some consideration for counsel," said Mr. Dickens coldly. "I have been sitting eleven or twelve hours a day," said the Judge, "and you have been absent several hours." Mr. Dickens now warmly declared, "I have been absent only an hour, and my movements have nothing to do with your Lordship." But Mr. Justice Hawkins was obdurate; and the Court sat that night till a quarter to ten. This is a turning of the tables, it must be confessed; for it has generally been the Bar that has bewailed in the Judges the tendency to sit a little late and to rise a little early. After all, perhaps, it is less the members of the Bar, with their sustaining fees and refreshers, who are to be commiserated. Witnesses and jurymen are usually family men who have heavy business claims upon them; and the temptation to scamper through cases in order that they may get home before midnight must be borne in mind. The days when wretches hung that jurymen might dine are gone; but wretches, under the new dispensation, may perhaps go to a summary cell, or may be indiscreetly let loose on society, in order that jurymen, after hours in an uncomfortable pen, may get to bed.

Another young man is the Rev. George Grundy, who is now ninety-one, and who is still actively engaged in the parish of Hey, near Oldham, which he has served for sixty years. The Queen has sent Mr. Grundy a portrait of herself as a souvenir; for her Majesty "perfectly remembers" an occasion when she, as Princess Victoria, heard him

read prayers in Harewood Church in the reign of William IV. Another reminiscence of Mr. Grundy's is concerned with a call paid him by Mr. Disraeli to ask him for his vote at the election at High Wycombe in 1831. The Grundy family is one in which a lady need no longer monopolise the fame.

The Borough Polytechnic, which has carried on an excellent educational work since 1892, has greatly enlarged its boundaries and enhanced its general efficiency. On Dec. 8, an important addition to the establishment was opened, the new premises consisting of the Victoria Gymnasium, the St. Olave Workshops, a Cookery School, and Physics



WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP OF THE BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Laboratories. These have been fitted up with all appliances that the most recent requirements demand, and must greatly strengthen the hands of this beneficent agency, which is doing so much to elevate and brighten the lives of hundreds of young people whose daily occupations and surroundings make but little for "sweetness and light." Besides its purely scientific aims, the Polytechnic does excellent service as a social agency. Lectures, entertainment societies and reading circles, thrift sections, classes for physical drill, tennis clubs, rambling, literary, and debating societies are all included in its wide embrace. We illustrate the new wheelwright's shop and the composing-room.

An attempt to "rush" the Bank of England has been the theme of at least one great writer of fiction; and "Taylor's Raid," as it may henceforth be called, on Saturday night was hardly more real than that of the French novelist's pages. Still, it made a good headline for the Sunday papers; for all London is concerned with the safety of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," who has some millions of money in her purse. When an official of the Bank was entering by the gate between the hours of ten and eleven, an eccentrically dressed pedestrian sought to pass in with him, declaring that he wished to cash a cheque. The police, always at hand at the Bank of England, were summoned; and the rash intruder turned out to be a Mr. Taylor, of Norwood, who had lately given his family concern about the state of his mind. The contents of his pockets included a cheque, to be sure, but also a particularly dainty revolver, which, however, he made no attempt to use upon the persons of the stalwart Scots Guards who are nightly posted at the Bank.

The famine of young farm-managers of his own sex was bewailed only the other day by Mr. Rider Haggard; and it will not be Lady Warwick's fault if women do not step in and supply the vacancy. A reception was given in Reading on Saturday, at "The



COMPOSING-ROOM OF THE BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

Lady Warwick Hostel," which has been opened in connection with the Agricultural College. Lady Warwick presided at tea in the Hostel, where twelve students are already in residence, and where she was supported by Lord Warwick, Lord and Lady Wantage, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer. Lady Warwick remarked that we live in a world in which there is growing to be less and less room for unskilled labour, and she stated her fear that the daughters of middle-class families are left too much to depend for a living on their chances of matrimony. Each girl graduate in agriculture will have, during her time of training at the Hostel, a little plot of land to cultivate, as well as a share in the glass-houses and the bee-hives. Moreover, she will always have the encouragement of knowing that among owners of land who have directed large farms, women have been in the very first rank of those who have achieved the most successful results.

A very wide circle of readers will feel that in William Black they have lost a friend, whose genial companionship has beguiled many an hour of leisure. When his theme was Scottish and Highland, William Black had few equals as a descriptive writer, and it was given to him to interpret with peculiar skill the spirit of—



Photograph by Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

Islands that, empurpled bright,
Float amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

The portrayal, too, of the wildermoods of sky and mountain and loch, and the surge and thunder of ocean on a western beach, lay well within his hand. His characterisation was uniformly spirited and often instinct with life and humour, and the reader returns with affection to creations like the Whaup, Coquette, and many another besides.

Mr. Black was born in Glasgow in 1841, and was educated at private schools. At first he hoped to become an artist, and studied with that intention; but letters claimed him at seventeen, when he formed a connection with

the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*. At twenty-three he came, by inevitable law, to London, and in 1865 joined the staff of the *Morning Star*, for which paper he acted as correspondent when Prussia and Austria went to war in 1866. He saw no fighting, but found material for his first novel, "Love or Marriage," which appeared in 1867. Journalism still claimed him, and he acted as art critic and assistant editor of the *Daily News*. In 1871 appeared "A Daughter of Ith," which brought the author considerable praise, and his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" was a distinct success. In 1873 "A Princess of Thule" made Mr. Black's reputation, and enabled him to devote himself entirely to novel-writing. He now published frequently, producing a long succession of works, which necessarily varied in artistic merit, but were uniformly distinguished by a breezy out-of-door freshness and charm. As the novelist of salmon-fishing Mr. Black had, of course, become proverbial. "A Princess of Thule" is held to be his best work; others which will be remembered are "In Silk Attire," "Madcap Violet," "The White Heather," and "Macloed of Dare." "Yolande," "The Beautiful Wretch," and "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat" were contributed to this Journal. Mr. Black had long resided at Brighton; but he was a familiar and welcome figure in London literary circles. At the Reform Club he was one of the little group of intimates that included James Payn, G. A. Sala, and Sir John Robinson. His last novel, "Wild Eelin," which appeared only a few months ago, displayed his old descriptive power. His death took place at Brighton on the evening of Saturday, December 10.



Photograph by A. H. Foote, Waterford.
THE DOWAGER LADY CAREW, BORN 1798.

Sir Frank Lockwood's associations are all with the Courts of Law; and it was a happy thought to let the memorial window, unveiled the other day in Cloughton Church, near Scarborough, be a presentation of the Judgment of Solomon. Moreover, the subject was chosen with special reference to an episode in Sir Frank Lockwood's own early career—his defence of a girl charged with child-murder. It was intended, indeed, as Canon Temple said, to mark Sir Frank's own wisdom and wit, his power of testing human character, and his local reputation as a "just judge" in the exercise of his office as Recorder of Sheffield. In addition to the window, a lych-gate has been erected by the subscriptions of friends and by the zeal of Mr. Tause, the Vicar of Cloughton, to whom Lady Lockwood has addressed a touching letter of thanks from herself and her daughters. "It has been a great help to us," she says, "in our terrible sorrow to feel we had such widespread sympathy," and she particularly approves of the placing of "these beautiful memorials in the village where he spent such happy days."

The Dowager Lady Carew, of Woodsdown House, County Waterford, has completed her hundredth year. She was one of the "fair women" who danced with "brave men" at the ball given in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, a company of survivors which now counts but two. She was then Miss Cliffe, the daughter of Major Anthony Cliffe, of New Ross; and in the following year, 1816, she married the first Lord Carew, whom she has long survived.

In Brompton Cemetery, in a somewhat neglected-looking piece of ground, the British public will, no doubt, be surprised to learn there rest between two and three thousand veterans, the best part of whose lives, we may assume, was spent in the service of their Queen and country, in many a distant part of that Empire on which the sun never sets. In earlier times, the burial-place of these old soldiers who found their earthly haven of rest in Chelsea Hospital was the cemetery of that noble institution, but in 1855 the authorities closed this God's acre, and for more than forty years our war-worn warriors have slept their last long sleep in the great cemetery which is so closely associated in the public mind with the finis of the career of artists, actors, and authors.

Hard by the plot where the Chelsea pensioners are buried is ground specially reserved for the Guards, and this is marked by a massive cross. But, alas! the pensioners have no such memorial, nothing to tell the countrymen whose gratitude they deserve where they wait the last trumpet-call, save such few poor headstones as their friends have been able to afford. It is proposed, on the excellent initiative of Mrs. Henry Lee, of 61, Queensborough Terrace, to erect at a modest cost (some £100) a fitting memorial of these fine old soldiers. It is understood that the Commissioners of the Hospital are in sympathy with the scheme.

The pier that has long been the pride of Southend has attained a national celebrity—a place in the long roll of British curiosities. It is certainly the only pier of large size that has been cut in half by a yacht, and a small yacht too—the *Dolphin*, of about eighty tons. She had been moored to the pier for some time, and on Saturday began to drag her anchor, till she came into sharp collision with the pier, which was wrecked for nearly ninety feet, and severed in two. The cast-iron piles snapped like dried twigs, and the tramway line was destroyed. Four men on board the yacht escaped without injury, despite a falling girder, which did her much damage; and some fishermen left stranded on the detached part of the pier were rescued by a boat.

The Bishop of London, who lately made the boastful statement to a friend: "I do not read the newspapers," and blushed to find it fame, has offered a commentary on his own really not very occult words. The Bishop, one imagined, meant only that he did not spend much time or emotion over leading articles, an attitude of mind taken probably by a very large class of busy people. But the Bishop indulged in a little light exercise of casuistry in his own explanation. He had said he did not read newspapers, but that was "very different from saying I do not read a newspaper." The man in the street who says "I never listen to Bishops" must henceforth be allowed the same latitude. He is entitled to the reservation that he listens to one Bishop, and that one, for choice in an after-dinner speech, will certainly be the Bishop of London.



Photograph by G. Smith, Scarborough.
MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE LATE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD
IN CLOUGHTON CHURCH.



THE DAMAGE TO SOUTHEND PIER.

From a Photograph by W. Gregory, Southend.



IPHIGENIA.



1 Tson River, with Temporary Bridge.
2 Views of Ndi Station.

3 Market-Place at Voi.
4 A Bit of the Uganda Road, in the Voi Gullies.

5 Voi Station, from its Eastern End.
6 A Caravan of Wakanba going into Camp for the Night at Voi Elver.

THE ADVANCE OF CIVILISATION IN EAST AFRICA: SCENES ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

From Photographs by Mr. B. Whitehouse, Mombasa.



THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS IN CHINA.

On certain days in the year all the members of a Chinese family discharge the sacred duty of "worshipping their ancestors." They proceed to the burial-ground carrying incense, sandal-wood, candles, food and drink of all kinds, and other dainties, and after a blessing and consecration by a bonze, or Buddhist priest, put down all these good things on the last resting-place of their forefathers. But John Chinaman is a utilitarian or nothing. A slice of this, a piece of that, a small cup of tea or saki, is certainly offered to the Manes, but the great bulk of all these dainties is freely partaken of by the living, either there or at home. The unavoidable disturbance of ancient graves by the new railway system in China is a serious grievance and scandal to the native mind, and many of the recent outbreaks are due to this cause.



1. Thowby Old Hall.

2. A corner in Tinsdalen Village.

3. The Fishing-House used by Charles Cotton and Isaac Walton at Hartington.

4. The Lion Face Rock, Dovedale.

5. In Dovedale.

6. A curious little Church at Mappleton, near Ashbourne.

7. Thor's Cave.

LITERATURE.

Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Hurst and Blackett.)
La Divina Commedia. Edited by Father Joachim Berthier. (Universitäts-Buchhandlung, Freiburg.)
The Stanzas of Omar Khayyâm. Translated from the Persian by John Leslie Garner. (G. Bell and Sons.)
Sea Urchins. By W. W. Jacobs. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
The Unchartered Island. By Skelton Kuppord. (Nelson and Sons.)
Hope, the Hermit. By Edna Lyall. Longmans, Green, and Co.)
An Old English Home. By S. Baring-Bould. (Methuen.)
Book-Prices Current. By J. H. Slater. (Elliot Stock.)

Mr. Watts-Dunton has been known during many years to the esoteric circle as, to say the least, one of the most able and powerful of English critics. Much more than this might be said, but we hope there will be an opportunity of saying it when specimens of his critical work are expressly laid before the public. It was a bold experiment to publish "Aylwin," partly because of the author's critical reputation, and partly because the book is understood to have been written many years ago. As a rule, experienced reviewers are so careful of their own principles, and so keenly alive to faults, that their books are either colourless or fall under the burden of their merits. And the whole atmosphere keeps changing in these days so quickly and so subtly that we seem to be in another world when we turn back to the stories of even twenty years ago. But Mr. Watts-Dunton has triumphantly surmounted his dangers, and the verdict of the public has been even more emphatically in his favour than the verdict of the critics. Though he makes no illicit appeal in "Aylwin," and though he has been strictly obedient to his principles of art, the general reader will have no thought of such things, but will be hurried along by a powerful and passionate love story, instinct with life and yet thoroughly artistic. Nor is there anything archaic about the book. For one thing, the author has been prescient. He has seen before his time, sees before it even now. For another, he deals with the themes that are always quick and vivid, omitting what is casual and of merely temporal interest. No doubt the book is high-strung. The story is one of simple love and tender sorrow; but the love and sorrow alike pass the measure of ordinary experience, and Mr. Watts-Dunton is most at home and touches his highest whenever the emotion becomes absorbing in its intensity. The book will be read for the first time because of its thrilling interest as a story, but many readers will return and be refreshed by its pictures of nature, its passionate purity, the accuracy, both literally and spiritually, of its pictures of life, and the complete humanity of its spirit—its utter freedom from gignamity. And perhaps not a few will perceive that the author, while nowhere dogmatic, has constantly present to his thought a conception of the universe. It is fashionable—or, at least, it was fashionable a few years ago—to say that emotion, though it will sway the masses, has little to do with the cultivated classes, that science sits unmoved by the appeals that are poured into its ears, that we must trust to observation, experiment, and evidence. If they bid us hope, then we are to hope. If they bid us despair, we are to be resigned. But why should we be resigned? Science cannot enforce resignation. Mr. Watts-Dunton is not afraid of science, but he advocates the right of the heart and the emotional view of life and duty. This is, from any standpoint, a rare and distinguished book, and unlike many works of the same class, it makes a popular appeal—an appeal to which a response has already been given which is the token of much to come.

Father Joachim Berthier, of the Order of Preaching Friars, Professor of Theology at the University of Fribourg in Switzerland, is of opinion that we busy ourselves too exclusively with the "lay" exposition of Dante—the secular interpretation, as he would seem to mean—to the neglect of the theology. This seems a little ungrateful to such expounders as the late King of Saxony and Dr. Hettlinger, who have surely done a good deal in this direction; and we cannot help suspecting that it was an afterthought on the part of Father Joachim to justify the appearance of the sumptuous edition of the "Divine Comedy" now being produced by the Universitäts-Buchhandlung of Freiburg. (We are quite aware that we have spelt the name in two different ways; the title-page does the same, and how else can one act fairly by so bilingual a town?) Anyhow, he has given us the first part—for only the Inferno is as yet complete—of a most exhaustive comment from his own point of view, that is "secundo la scolastica." Almost every line is illustrated by a quotation from one or another of the schoolmen. Yet, somehow, as one turns over the pages, one feels that this method is not quite satisfactory. There are the ingredients of a useful commentary, but one misses the organising and arranging touch which would make them really of value to the student. On the whole, this part of the work is a little perfunctory. Of the illustrations, which, after all, are the real *raison d'être* of the edition, one may say that they are, if anything, almost too lavish. Views—sometimes, where there is controversy as to the identification of a place, alternative views—of pretty well every place mentioned in the poem, and portraits, even avowedly "fancy" portraits, are scattered in profusion throughout the pages. As may be supposed, they are of varying degrees of merit; but, as a rule, it may be said that the smaller process-blocks in the text are a trifle "woolly" and indistinct; while the larger, done by heliogravure, or some similar method, are decidedly handsome. But the final verdict of most people will be that a book of this kind is somewhat of an anachronism, and that in spite of the recrudescence which of late years has been brought about owing to the facilities offered by photography, the day of these great illustrated folios is gone by.

They seem to us among the greatly daring who, in Englishing the quatrains of Omar, inevitably challenge comparison with the version whose abiding place in the world's poetry is secure. However, Mr. Garner has, what is lacking in others more venturesome than he, a knowledge of Persian, and this will assure his little volume a

welcome among those who care to note in what degree FitzGerald departed from the original. This he did not so much as is commonly thought, although giving play to the life-giving spirit which, otherwise, might have been throttled by the letter. Mr. Garner's introduction discusses the philosophy of "old Khayyâm," and shows that it had not that mystical character which some critics discern in his bacchanalian chants, while the notes appended are usefully supplemental to those given by FitzGerald. But his resonance and music are lacking in Mr. Garner's translation, for who would exchange the charming stanza "A Book of Verses underneath the Bough," for—

A book, a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
 To every care and worldly sorrow dead;
 I covet not, when thou, O love, art near,
 The jewelled turban on the Sultan's head.

Mr. Jacobs did not strike twelve all at once in "Many Cargoes," but the hand seemed perilously near the hour. And the present collection of mirth-yielding stories is no diluted successor, albeit the elements are the same. It will add to the gaiety of a leisure in which the neurotic and the didactic novels have been too much with us. There is the same sprightliness of dialogue and drollery of incident, the same evidence of keen insight into the life of our rough-tongued skippers, human Echinoids, to the truth of which he who knows something of the craft and crews that hug the coast can testify.

The dullness of the average adventure-story can only be explained by the surmise that it is manufactured when the writer, in an exhausted condition, is visited by vague dreams of what others have invented before. We have the conviction that Mr. Kuppord wrote "The Unchartered Island" when he was wide awake. It is fresh and breezy from first page to last, and reminds one of nothing else at all. It follows its heroes from school on a treasure-hunt, and is full enough of wonders and incidents to satisfy all boy lovers of the marvellous. But if it falls into grown-up hands, it will remain there some time. For, however fairy-tale-like may be the adventures, we have the sense that it deals with living people. There is not a dummy in the book; and if Mr. Kuppord were to seek an audience for his fiction beyond boys, he could hardly fail to succeed.

The title of "Hope the Hermit" refers to the best friend of the hero, whose early years passed in the shade of poverty and the disgrace of namelessness. Hope kept his spirit high, and made him worthy to adorn the high place to which the reader, from the first, must feel certain he was born. The period chosen, that of the Revolution of 1688, gives opportunity for many tales of plotting and adventure; and Michael Derwent, though a scholar, is in the thick of the excitement. He has both Catholic and Protestant kinsmen, and he has the kind heart and the absence of fanaticism which should protect from danger, but which, as a matter of fact, are always a perilous combination in difficult times. Hope the Hermit has need to be a strong friend. Miss Lyall links the private fortunes of her personages to the public events and characters of the age very cleverly, and she contrives to introduce more than once the gracious presence of Dorothy Osborne. The popular author has restrained her sometimes over-abundant sentiment, and her latest book is in every way a favourable specimen of the novel for young people.

There is individuality and there is a deal of curious information in the most trifling of Mr. Baring-Gould's books. "An Old English Home" is obviously got up for Christmas. It is very good of its kind, is prettily illustrated, and Christmas buyers should keep it in mind. In short, conversational chapters, it discusses domestic architecture, furniture, parish institutions—everything, in fact, that centred in the manor-house. A staunch, true-blue belief in the old land system, in its blessing to State and to people, to gentle and simple, pervades it. And, of course, there are West-country stories, too; none better than that of the Bible-Christian-Temperance-Radical quarryman, who, having stolen a dead man's tooth as a charm against the toothache, was visited by the most horrible dreams of worldly indulgence, cross-country riding, drinking, and, worst of all, voting Tory. The dead man had been a roystering squire of the old régime; and his was a vengeful ghost.

Mr. J. H. Slater's annual "Book-Prices Current" is both a luxury and an absolute necessity to every book-collector, bookseller, and librarian. It is an excellent check on the sinful bookseller who might otherwise grow rich too rapidly by making big profits out of his rare books. Armed with "Book-Prices Current," the collector is almost as wise as the vendor, and is certainly not very likely to go far wrong on the score of price. The new volume, which embraces the sales from December 1892 to the close of the season in July last, is considerably larger, and in several respects much better, than any of the eleven issues which preceded it. The entries are fuller, and the annotations are more numerous. The forty-one sales reported in this volume show an aggregate total of nearly £93,000, an amazing amount, which, at all events, proves that the trade in second-hand books is in an exceedingly prosperous condition. Of this total, however, over £32,000 was realised by the second and third parts of the Ashburnham Library, and to which is directly due the unusually large size of the new volume of "Book-Prices Current." Thanks to the Ashburnham dispersal, the last two seasons' auction sales have been altogether phenomenal, both as regards the number of scarce books, and on account of the keen competition in the auction-room and the record prices which prevailed throughout the season. There is not, as Mr. Slater points out in his brief preface, any new thing in the book-world to chronicle—no unusual demand for the works of this or that author, or for books of a certain class or kind. After the heavy "repasts" of the two last seasons, the average book-buyer will be thankful for a little enforced fasting; and if "Book-Prices Current" registers a few of the rarities which he has secured, it will also be a constant reminder of the many which he has missed.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Alfred Edwardes, of 267, Union Street, Aberdeen, sends me a circular appealing for subscriptions for the Byron statue in that city. There are many well-known names in the list of those who have already promised support, including the Duke of Fife, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Rosebery, and I have no doubt Aberdonians all over the world will be glad to send their mite to Mr. Edwardes, to add one further glory to their native city. Obviously a subscription of this kind should be confined to the public who have distinct relations with Aberdeen or Aberdeenshire—a national memorial can only be placed in a capital city. If the people of Aberdeen, at home and abroad, have not sufficient public spirit to wish to possess a statue of one of the greatest poets of the modern world, and one, moreover, who spent some of the earlier and more impressionable years of his life in their midst, the less that is said about the matter the better.

Nottingham, by a curious coincidence, has now under discussion the question of raising a monument to Byron, he, as we all know, having been associated also with that town. There are two reasons why people in provincial towns should subscribe to statues to their great men. The first is the delight which anyone who is a literary enthusiast must feel in seeing such statues—if they are well executed. The second reason is one worthy of a "nation of shopkeepers"—it is that it is perfectly certain that the more attractions of this kind a town possesses, the more it will increase its circle of visitors. Many an American tourist, I am sure, would step aside at Nottingham or prolong his journey northward to Aberdeen did he know that in these places there were certain interesting memorials of the great men whose names are household words on both sides of the Atlantic.

The *Academy* in its last issue makes a very entertaining collection of opinions as to the two best books of the year. Unfortunately, its circular did not provide very definite information as to whether the books in question were to be new books, and in consequence, a few of the opinions are a little lacking in actuality, one correspondent expressing faith in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and another in "Shakespeare." The preponderance of voting is clearly in favour of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," and it is to be presumed that Mr. Hewlett will be in the happy position that Mr. Stephen Phillips was in last year, and will receive the prize of £100. This year, it is quite clear, has produced no striking poet. There are, however, several writers to the front whose work does not lie in the realms of imagination, but whose services to literature should receive every consideration. Miss Foxcroft, for example, could have received no recognition for her "Life and Letters of Halifax" (published by the Longmans) in the least commensurate with the arduousness of the undertaking; and Professor Bury, again, must have given far more diligent study to his annotation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" for Messrs. Methuen than the world will ever wot of. I suppose that among the genuinely good books of the year, Mr. Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," Sir George Scott Robertson's "Siege of Chitral," and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's "Aylwin" must be looked upon as in the very front rank.

Curiously enough, only one of the contributors to the *Academy's* list has named Mr. Kipling's "Day's Work." It is Mr. S. R. Crockett who votes for this. It is quite clear that while Mr. Kipling is holding the larger public, and while his books are selling better than ever, he is losing ground—if that were of any moment to him—in distinctly literary circles.

By the way, I am reminded by an unkind critic that my reference to "Monk" Lewis and Julia Kavanagh was weakened by the fact that the former was born in 1773, and that Julia Kavanagh died in 1877, and that together they therefore covered a whole century. This information does not in the least affect my position, which was that mere criticism, if well done, will assuredly outlive imaginative work that is only moderately done. Miss Kavanagh's novels were published at the end of the 'forties. At that time Lewis's "Monk," was exceedingly popular, as was also much of the critical writing of Hazlitt and De Quincey. Lewis's novels and Miss Kavanagh's are now dead—to all appearance, that is to say. Whether they are in print or not, I am quite sure that many hundreds of my bookish readers have never even seen the outsides of them. The critics have been more fortunate: there is a reaction in favour of Hazlitt, and De Quincey is always read.

Mr. David Nutt's handsome collection of "Tudor Translations" is to be reinforced by Suetonius's "Lives of the Cæsars," a delightful book, which many of us know only in the translation by Thomson in Bohn's Library. The new "Suetonius" is really a very old "Suetonius" even in its English dress, for we are to have the translation by Philemon Holland, which was made about 1606. In a note, Mr. Henley remarks on the admirable character of the translation by "the most erudite and the most skilful scholar of the time." Mr. Henley goes on to say that "the English prose of Holland is far more vivid than the halting Latin of Suetonius." After this, who will call the translator a betrayer? May we not henceforth sympathise with Buckle, that man of many languages, who said that he always read non-English prose works in translations whenever he could get them, as it "saved time"? The "Suetonius" is to be in two volumes, and will have an introduction by Mr. Charles Whibley.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who is at present in London, but who will return to the United States in the autumn of next year, has written a new romance—the longest that he has as yet accomplished. It is called "Young Lives," and will be published here by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, and in the States by Mr. John Lane. I understand that there is nothing in the least tragic or morbid in Mr. Le Gallienne's new book—a change for him. C. K. S.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Lace is being employed in ways that have been obsolete for long. It is used as complete tunics over underskirts, and it is formed into long-tailed coats, and into sleeveless jackets. Again, lace transparent sleeves are supplied for putting into low-cut bodices of silk or chiffon, a little draping of lace harmonising the corsage with the sleeves. Four-button kid gloves, with long mitten-like lace tops, are "the latest thing" for evening wear.



A HANDSOME COSTUME.

This allows what some ladies very much prefer to a full-length sleeve—a bare space between the shoulder-strap and the top of the lace glove. It is not very pretty; it resembles too much the old-fashioned mittens which James Payn happily called "a gritty economy." One pair of gloves that I have seen, however, bore a pleasing resemblance to some old Venetian pictures. The lace came right down on to the back of the hand, points of it, very narrow, reaching nearly to the knuckles, and it was embroidered in a graceful design with the tiniest of gold beads, the pattern running well up the arm also. Then, again, motifs or separate designs in lace are being appliquéd on the fabric of the dress. The lace flounce has been permanently with us, to some extent, but all these others are revivals of half-forgotten, bygone styles in the use of the most delightful of fabrics.

Honiton lace has always been patronised by the Queen, and Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany are now interesting themselves in an attempted revival of the local industry. Such a revival is urgently needed before all the older skilled workers of Devonshire die off without teaching any successors, for the real Honiton has been so little used for years that the younger women have not been learning the art. The Duchess of Albany has ordered a superb fan to be made for her on purpose to send it to the Paris Exhibition in 1900, for Honiton, however intrinsically beautiful, cannot be a real success unless it is taken up by the French artists in costume.

It occurs to me that to decorate real lace is rather vulgar, and too nearly like painting the lily. The exquisite fabrics best left to display its intrinsic beauty, and attempts at adorning it are really deteriorating from its essential charm. Still, as a faithful chronicler, I must note that real lace is being decorated in many ways for evening wear, nor can I truthfully deny that it looks wondrous fine. The climax of incongruity is to trim lace with spangles—gold or silver paillettes are scattered lightly over the pattern. Other lovely laces have I just been shown, on smart gowns of the newest design, which are embroidered with gold thread, and which have outlining threads of chenille wandering over the pattern of the lace. I do not approve, but I still must unwillingly admire, for the decoration is really very effective (especially those shocking spangles!).

An obstacle to the amiable endeavour of the Queen of the Belgians to introduce the wearing of hand-made laces in place of the machine-made is the fact that the styles in which lace is now used are really more suitable for the imitation lace than for most forms of real lace. The frilled and gathered methods in which the comparatively cheap imitation is lavishly employed, and that have the stamp of fashion at present, is not the way in which any sensible modisto would use the very costly real lace, and the pattern and ground of the imitation are made therefore to accommodate the prevailing style of using, so that, in a circular sort of way, the imitation lace is more suitable for many uses at present than the real. The pillow laces and hand-made point laces are distinctly designed to be laid almost flat, and when they are much gathered they become stiff in one case, and a mere mass with all design hidden in the other case. A genuine beautiful lace requires to be laid on the surface it trims almost flat, in order that its charms may be appreciated. The Brussels appliqué, in which patterns made out of lace braid are stitched with the needle upon a machine-made net, is one of the newest kinds of hand-lace manufactured, and this is very suitable for all modern purposes; but for the ordinary pleatings and gatherings, the jabots, the epaulettes, and so on, even the wealthy find the better kind of machine lace more attractive than the finer real laces.

Our illustrations show two gowns of cloth and velvet. The first has a plain velvet undershirt and a long coat edged with fur and trimmed with an appliqué of velvet outlined with braid; the toque is velvet trimmed with plumes and the inevitable buckle. The other dress has a velvet vest and pointed flounce, both edged with a design in light and dark braiding, the effect relieved by a lace collar. The sable boa and muff match the trimming of the same fur on the velvet toque, which is finished with a cluster of violets.

NOTES.

A meeting has just been held in St. Martin's Town Hall, at which the ubiquitous Mrs. Creighton made the chief speech, to found a new Registry Office for Domestic Servants. It is intended to "affiliate" all the private registry offices that are willing to have their business methods inspected and reported upon, so that ladies will know that at each of those offices they are at least sure of a fair endeavour being made to supply their wants, while servant girls coming from the country can be certain that they are falling into respectable hands. The effort is to be patronised by the leaders of all the great organisations for the benefit of girls, such as the Girls' Friendly Society and the Young Women's Christian Association. So much of what is complained of about registry offices is due, however, to the real scarcity of well-trained, competent servants that, as far as the mistresses are concerned, the new arrangement cannot do much good. For example, it was set forth at the meeting as a grievance that a registry office will take a lady's name and charge a fee for booking it, and then either send no servant at all, or one obviously unsuitable. Well, but suppose no suitable girl arrives at the registry seeking a place, what is the keeper of the books to do? It is perfectly possible to advertise for a good plain cook with at least a year's character, and not receive a single reply; do we then expect the *Times* to return us our five shillings? *Pas si bête!* Why expect it of the registry office, then, in like case?

What we really do want is a great domestic training school, free, or almost free, to prepare working girls to be good servants. Would that some benevolent personage would bequeath or give me from £10,000 to £30,000 to found this most needed of all institutions! Holloway, Gorton, and many another college have been given far more for higher education; but, alas! nobody will patronise equally generously the humble domestic arts and sciences.

In Lieutenant Peary's new book on his Arctic explorations, he bears warm testimony to his wife's endurance of the hardships by which she was surrounded, accompanying him as she did in both his expeditions. He describes her as "possessed of health, youth, energy, and enthusiasm in the work," and declares that she fully proved the correctness of his belief that her presence in an Arctic expedition would be an assistance and not a hindrance.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Faulkner's diamonds, as may be seen by a call at 98, The Quadrant, Regent Street, are charmingly set imitations of the finest diamonds and pearls. A row of their pearls is at South Kensington Museum to be compared with a row of the real ones beside them, and to let the world see how indistinguishable is the one from the other—a fact which speaks for itself. The large pieces include fine necklets, rings, bracelets, brooches, and pendants. One handsome necklet has a diamond slide in the centre, and clasp at the back, with four to six rows of excellently imitated pearls connecting the diamonds. Another necklet with a Louis XV. diamond scroll for the centre, set in the knife-edge style in real gold, is charming. Smaller ornaments would make a pleasing and inexpensive present, such as the pretty slide for velvet or ribbon for the throat that we illustrate, the price of which is only a guinea. Rubies are well imitated here, and a nice ring set in gold with diamonds and rubies can be had for a small sum. A pretty novelty is a diamond monkey on a stick with ruby eyes, to be used as a lace pin. Muff

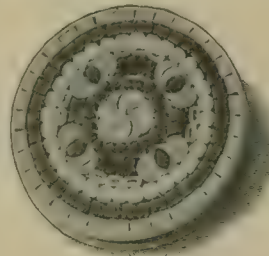


A Slide for Velvet or Ribbon. Faulkner.

chains with a coiled diamond snake to hold them together, buckles, combs, and earrings are all among the excellent designs on show at Messrs. Faulkner's.

Why the French are the most elegant and tasteful people in the world is hard to say, but it is an unquestioned fact that they are so.

If anyone has any doubts on the subject let him see the exquisite ways in which the French bonbons and chocolates are prepared as offered for sale for Christmas gifts at Messrs. Sainsbury's, 176, Strand, who are the special agents of one of the best French makers. The sweets, perchance, are no better than they would be if they were scattered



Box of FONDANTS and CHOCOLATES. Sainsbury.

loosely, but they gain immensely in appearance and importance by the care and taste with which they are arranged and boxed. The bonbonnières, too, are of the most charming kind: from the ordinary cardboard case that gains style from its trimmings of ribbons so daintily tied, to boxes in plush, silk brocade, and so on, that will be a possession, and used for handkerchief-cases or work-boxes, keeping the giver in mind for a long time to come. Messrs. Sainsbury will send a full descriptive catalogue by return of post to those unable to pay a personal visit. Messrs. Sainsbury are also prepared with bottles and cases of many delightful and unique perfumes, of which they have a speciality. "Rose-Violet," combining the odour of the two sweetest of flowers, is a novel delight; and the English lavender-water, made of the flowers grown on our own favourable soil only, is a well-established favourite of half a century's standing.

Messrs. Fry's name is a household word, for the purity of their cocoas and eating chocolates. The famous Bristol firm at this season put up their chocolates in a variety of



GOWN OF CLOTH AND VELVET.

pretty cases, and manufacture it in all imaginable styles to suit the varied tastes of the eaters. All goods bearing their imprint may be relied on for perfect purity, and for being fair value for the price asked, whether that be much or little. Sweets are always a safe present—they share with flowers the advantage of being a gift that may be offered by a man to a lady or by a poor person to a rich one with perfect propriety; and few are the people who have not a sweet tooth, to be gratified by such a present; for girls in particular it is a safe choice to make.—FILOMENA.



SALE OF JEWELS.

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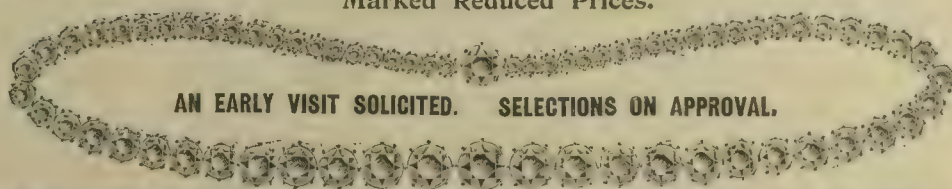
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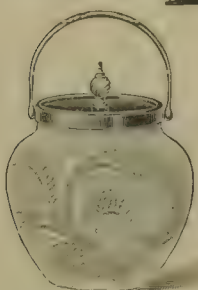
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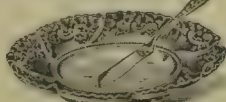
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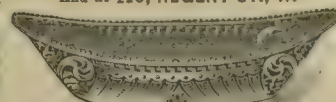
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New Design. 5 1/2 in., £1 6s.; 7 1/2 in., £2; 9 1/2 in., £3.



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James I. design, £8 10s.



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Mounts, £2 6s.



Chased Border and Handle, gilt inside, "Queen's"
Plate, £3 10s. Solid Silver, £9 9s.



Solid Silver Serviette Rings,
Gilt Iron 14dgs.
Two in Case ... £1 4 0
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2 Tea-Spoons and Tongs, and Tray, in "Queen's" Plate, 2 China
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Stand, shell Pattern; complete, with Knife and Fork,
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WILLS AND REQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1894) of Mr. Frederick Sage, of Weir Hall, Upper Edmonton, and of Gray's Inn Road, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Dec. 2 by Frederick George Sage, the son, Frederick Hawes, the nephew, and Christopher Ponsford Sage, the executors, the value of the estate being £145,810. The testator gives £400, and an annuity of £100 during widowhood, or in the event of her again marrying £200 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Sage; £150 each to his children, except his son Henry; £100 each to his brothers, Thomas and Edward, his sister Prudence, his nephews, Frederick, Josiah, and Jesse Hawes, and Christopher Ponsford Sage; £300 per annum to his son Henry, and annuities of £100 each to his children, Frederick George Sage, Alice Maria Vine, Annie Isabella White, Ada Minnie Fraser, Florence Emily Sage, Gertrude Natty Sage, Beatrice Evelyn Sage, and Muriel Sage. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife and children, other than his son Henry, in equal shares, the share of Mrs. Sage to be held, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint to their children.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1893) of Mr. Hugh D'Oyly Tweedy, of Widmore Lodge, Widmore, Bromley, Knight of the Polar Star and of the Order of St. Olaf, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Dec. 2 by Arthur Hearn Tweedy, the brother, and William Ridley Richardson, the executors, the value of the estate being £57,789. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, as to three twelfths for his wife, Mrs. Marie Tweedy, for life or widowhood, and then to their daughter Henrietta and her issue; four twelfths to his son daughter and her issue; one twelfth each to his mother, Mrs. Dorothea Esther Henrietta Tweedy, his brother, Arthur Hearn, and his sisters Charlotte Mary Inglis and Violet Tweedy, and the remaining one twelfth to his sister Elizabeth Richardson, for life, and then as to one moiety thereof to her son Hugh, and the other moiety between her daughters.

The will and four codicils of Mr. Frederic Sherwood, of Ersham Lodge, Hailsham, Sussex, who died on Nov. 9, were proved on Dec. 6 by John Sherwood, the nephew, and



THE COUNTY POLO CHALLENGE CUP.

The fine trophy which we illustrate possesses a special interest for all lovers of polo, being the challenge cup for the first tournament of the County Polo Association. The latter has been formed this year, mainly through the efforts of Mr. Tresham Colley, and its formation marks the most important step in the annals of polo since 1870. The trophy is the work of her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 138 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

brother, Salusbury Manners Mellor, and Robert Leonard, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,681. The testatrix gives £100 to her brother; her lace and wearing apparel to her nieces; and certain furniture to her sister,

John Barton Caldecott, the executors, the value of the estate being £13,219. After giving numerous legacies to friends and relatives, he bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Royal Kent Dispensary, the Irish Church Mission, and the City of London Dispensary, and £200, upon trust, to the vicar and churchwardens of Hailsham.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1897) of Miss Gertrude Louisa Vickers, of 14, Chester Street, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 26 by Thomas Edward Vickers, the brother, Salusbury Manners Mellor, and Robert Leonard, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,681. The testatrix gives £100 to her brother; her lace and wearing apparel to her nieces; and certain furniture to her sister,

Mrs. Grazebrook. She appoints one moiety of a settled fund of £8000 and 1844 shares of £10 each in Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Co., Limited, over which she has a power of appointment to her nephews and nieces, George Ward Grazebrook, Gertrude Lilian Grazebrook, Geraldine Isabel Grazebrook, Matilda Parry, Ronald Vickers, Dorothy Vickers, and Florence Evelyn Hamilton Gordon. The residue of her property she leaves to Salusbury Manners Mellor.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1881) of Dame Helena Faucit Martin, of 21, Onslow Square, S.W., and of Bryntisilio, Llangollen, who died on Oct. 31, was proved by Sir Theodore Martin, the husband and sole executor, the value of the estate being £27,977. The testatrix leaves all her property to her husband.

The will (dated April 6, 1886) of Captain George Thomas Bulkeley, of The Hawthorns, near Twyford, Berks, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Dec. 2 by the Rev. Henry John Bulkeley and the Rev. Alexander Charles Bulkeley, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £24,789. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £50 to his son Owen Tudor; £2000, upon trust, for his grandson, George Bulkeley; and subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her decease between his children, Henry John, Alexander Charles, Edward Penrice, Richard George, William Alfred, Mary Harriet, and Fanny Sarah, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 8, 1896), of Mr. William Rutherford Ancrum, J.P., of St. Leonard's Court, Gloucestershire, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Dec. 1 by Sydney Rutherford Ancrum and George Wayland Ancrum, M.D., the sons, and Patrick Fleming Evans, the executors, the value of the estate being £20,381. The testator gives £50 and his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Emily Anne Ancrum, and £100 per annum to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Ethel Georgiana Camer. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life. At her decease he gives £2000 and the two pictures of himself and wife, by John Collier, to his son Sydney; £2000 each

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Each article is marked in plain figures, a fixed moderate cash price, and the Company's large staff of assistants are instructed to show goods and answer any inquiries, but on no account to importune a visitor to purchase.



Fine Gold Brooch Watch, Brooch, £1 15s. Watch, £17 10s. Complete, £19 5s.



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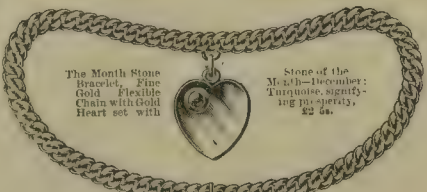
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to his sons George Wayland Ancrum and William Rutherford Ancrum; £2000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement as to one fifth each to his three sons, and the ultimate residue upon the trusts of the settlements made on the marriage of his daughters, Mrs. Camer and Mrs. Alice Emily Evans.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1894) of Captain John Donald George Higgin, J.P., D.L., of Scolton, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Dec. 3 by Mrs. Edith Emily Higgin, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £21,271. The testator gives to his wife all his personal property and the use and enjoyment, for life, of his real estate. At her decease he devises his real estate to his son John Arthur Higgin. Subject to certain prior trusts, he appoints the funds of his marriage settlement as to £1000 to his son John Arthur, £4500 to his daughter, Frances Edith, and the remainder thereof to his three sons Victor James, Archibald Bellairs, and Laurence Hugh.

The will and codicil of Mr. Henry Daniel Stock, J.P., of Hughenden House, Bouverie Square, Folkestone, who died on Oct. 24, were proved on Nov. 30 by Herbert Tritton Saukey and William Melhurst, the executors, the value of the estate being £7508.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 20, 1887), with a codicil (dated

July 11, 1898), of Major-General Robert Adam Wauch op of Alloway Place, Ayr, who died at Brighton on Sept. 24, granted to John Ramsay Anderson, Archibald Robert Crauford Pitman, and Archibald H. Mowbray, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Nov. 30, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £6945.

The will, with a codicil, of Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel Ronald Taylor, of 23, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on July 28, was proved on Dec. 1 by Mrs. Adeline Bagwell Ronald Taylor, the widow, and Major-General John Macdonald Moody, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £1470.

The will of Mrs. Arabella Charlotte Tyler, of 67, Kidbrooke Park Road, Blackheath, widow, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Nov. 24 by Gilbert Spurling and William Howard, the executors, the value of the estate being £5937.

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Still the concerts are very numerous in London, and the most ubiquitously minded of critics. The lull will come very soon, but before it does come the tempest of song reminds one of the equinoctial gales. Quite recently at the Queen's Hall another of Mr. Newman's excellent Wagner Concerts was given under the customary direction of Mr. Henry Wood. The overture to "Rienzi," that early work of Wagner's, so much beloved by the contemporary musician of that period, so much despised, and unreasonably, by the fervent Wagnerian of to-day, was most brilliantly played by this admirable orchestra. Later on Mr. Wood gave us a fine rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the noble and peaceful solo movement of which was interpreted with a fullness of thought and feeling that came very near to perfection indeed. That curious concealment of emotion that lies, as it were, behind a veil of music in this wonderful movement, came to our ears with just the right sort of mystery and infinite tranquillity. The Siegfried Idyll was not so satisfactory, although it was, of course, well played. The overture to "The Flying Dutchman," on the other hand, was given with extraordinary brilliance. Indeed, we may say definitely that the Queen's Hall Orchestra has touched a very high level of excellence in its general accomplishment.

Ernst von Dohnányi, who has now given his final pianoforte recital at the St. James's Hall, has certainly

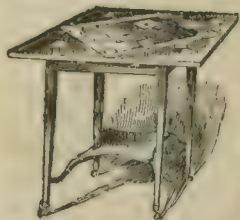
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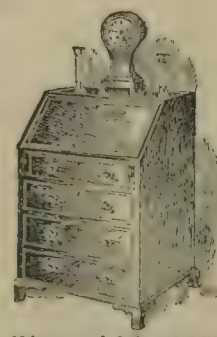


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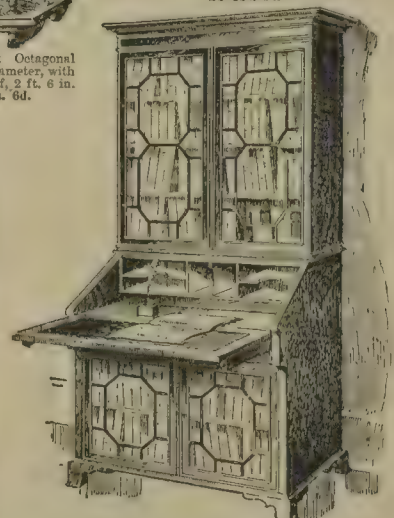


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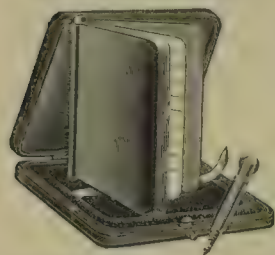
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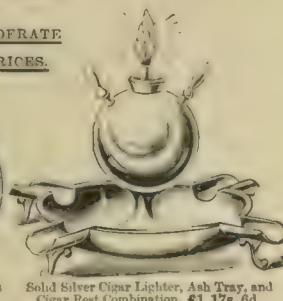
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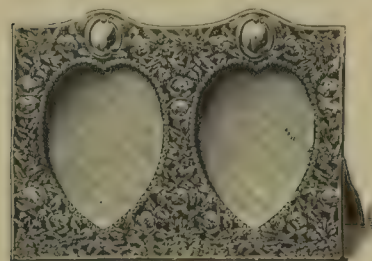
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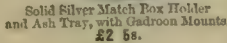
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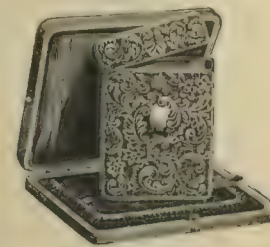


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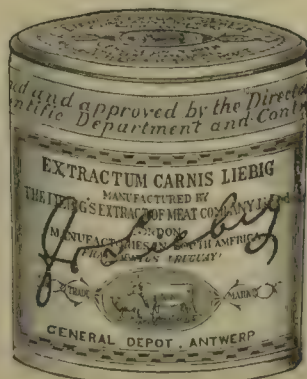
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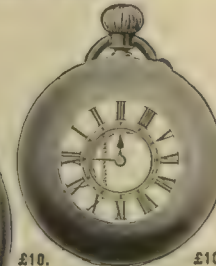
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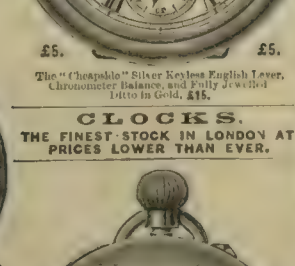
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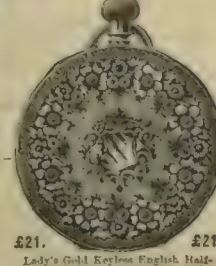
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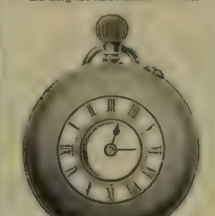
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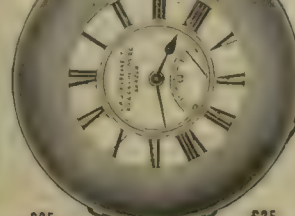
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We had enough and to spare of Brahms at St. James's Hall on the night following Dolmányi's recital, for in Mr. Frederick Dawson's orchestral concert, conducted by Mr. Klindworth, were included the first and second Brahms pianoforte concertos. A wide space of time separates the composition of these two works—the first being marked Op. 15, the second Op. 83; and a no less wide difference of spirit is noticeable between them. The first, despite the

reported fact that it was written under the sad inspiration of Schumann's illness, has a definite geniality and human sympathy in it. It even has (for Brahms) a fluent grace, a certain elegance and ease, and though but loosely constructed—Brahms was quite an Oriental in his views upon musical architecture—has a completeness and a pervasive sentiment that, united to its fine technique, make it highly attractive. In the second work you find the composer almost grimly sitting alone with his "*musica principia*"—his musical diagrams—with the highest mathematics of his art. And here, frankly, our interest in him lapses. Nevertheless Mr. Dawson played both works quite magnificently. His massive and magisterial style is just suited to this kind of work, and he overcomes all its difficulties with immense skill and endurance. To ask an audience even to listen to two such works as these is to impose a somewhat heavy task; to play them (and to play them well) is nothing more than a stupendous feat.

On St. Andrew's Day the whole of this London of ours awoke to the echoes of the "bonnie music" of Scotland. Assuredly Scots music has a character of its own, and in its own way that is an excellent character. Unfortunately the modern passion for folk-song—a passion largely begotten by the exertions of that absolutely original musician, Richard Wagner—has encouraged many serious men to make more of Scots music than for its essential merits it deserves. Sir Alexander McKenzie, who is as admirable a technical musician as one should ever wish to

see on a summer's day, has in this respect really carried the game too far. Still it was fine to hear Mr. Andrew Black singing "Scots wha hae," and Mr. Dunkerton conducting a real live Scots regiment through all the national airs that ever existed; and it was fine to see sword-dances and listen to the pipers; for, after all, national music has a quality of its own, however minor it may be; but that quality belongs entirely to the emotions.

According to annual custom the students of the Royal College of Music last week gave a performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," under the customary conducting of Professor Villiers Stanford. There is authority that Wagner intended the opera to be performed as one continuous piece, without any interval whatever; we believe that Mr. E. Dannreuther possesses the very valuable score which shows this intention to the full. But we cannot refrain from the observation that the wisdom of later times has made the better choice in insisting upon the usual operatic intervals. For, indeed, the work is a mere opera, written on lines that are nearly conventional, and when Wagner conceived the idea of an uninterrupted performance, he permitted a prophetic instinct to overwhelm the mediocrity of his actual achievement. At any rate, it is not to be denied that "The Flying Dutchman" played without an interval is a rather tiresome business.

The fact is that this opera is not a very fine piece of musical art. Wagner himself could not have thought so in later days; but the curious point of the matter is

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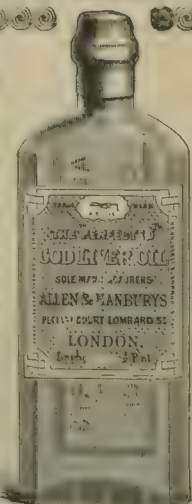
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that you really needed a company of amateurs such as these students are to show you how threadbare and out-of-date the work is. Although in its composition Wagner had advanced beyond "Kienzi," and was well on his road to "Tannhäuser," the first opera is frankly far the more interesting. The students concerned in this interpretation were particularly satisfactory, and the chorus was excellent. Professor Stanford conducted an intelligent orchestra, well trained and enthusiastic.

The "Fischer-Sobell" night at the Schulz Curtius Concerts held week by week at Prince's Galleries was last week a great success. Mr. Fischer-Sobell sang a lovely song by Mr. Marshall Hall, a setting of Tennyson's "O that were possible," and sang it exceedingly well, with feeling, resonance, and a certain intensity of effect that was very telling. Madame Fischer-Sobell played various pianoforte solos with exquisite feeling and intimacy of knowledge. Her rendering, for example, of Mendelssohn's "Spinnerlied" was as good as anything of its kind could be.

At the Crystal Palace last Saturday, Mr. Paderewski made one of his very rare Metropolitan visits. He played Beethoven's E-flat Concerto, and played it divinely. He is the only artist in the world who makes one think less of his artistry than of his absolute interpretation. He shows one how he plays Beethoven, not how Beethoven should be played; such rendering is, of course, exquisite. Whether this is quite the right Beethoven or not is a matter possibly open to doubt; but this thing is certain—that Paderewski's art is unique in this generation; moreover, his playing of a Chopin Nocturne was, beyond measure, superb on the same occasion.

Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., 22, Tabernacle Street, E.C., send us a parcel of diaries, and ask us to be careful to refer to them as Charles Letts's. They call attention to the fact that their diaries this year contain two advantages over all others—(1) a self-opening memo-tablet, and (2) an insurance coupon for £500.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of St. Paul's expresses surprise at the complaints against the Processional Cross for St. Paul's, and gives a half-promise that its use will be delayed. The Evangelical organ says that the fact is, it was proposed to have a Processional Crucifix for use in St. Paul's, and that a Processional Crucifix is illegal. The cross has been greatly modified in design, there being on it a flat picture in enamel of our Lord on the Cross which makes a crucifix in all but name. It further protests against the idea that St. Paul's Cathedral should be regarded as the secured preserve of the High Church party, since the High Churchmen are in no majority in the diocese of London.

The Bishop of Hereford has written to his clergy announcing his approaching marriage to Miss Symond. He says: "Two and a half years ago, when my dear wife was taken from me, I owed so much to the tender sympathy of the clergy—sympathy never to be forgotten by

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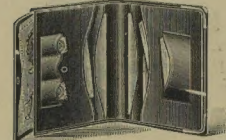


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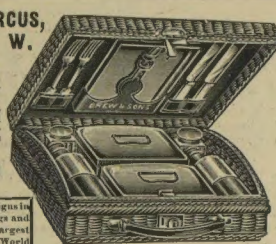
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the decadent Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 15, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 15, 1883.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1886: "It is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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me—that I should not like any one of my friends and fellow-labourers to hear first from some outside source of the step I contemplate.”

Canon Rawnsley, the indefatigable poet and essayist, has been offered, and has declined, the see of Madagascar. The see of Lahore is now vacant by the death of Bishop Matthew.

By the resignation of the Bishop of Bangor, Dr. Kennion, Bishop of Bath and Wells, becomes entitled to a seat in the House of Lords.

The Bishop of Marlborough is away from home ill, and has cancelled all engagements until the end of the year.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. will publish in March the authorised Life of the late George Müller, of Bristol. The author is Dr. Pierson, the American preacher who

officiated for some time in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and was talked of as likely to be the permanent minister of the place.

Canon Barnett gives a sad description of Commercial Street, East, in a letter to the *Times*. He says: “Men and women seem to herd as beasts; they feel no restraint for public opinion or for a child's innocence; they drink and get drunk as if there were no law; they fight and steal as if there were no neighbours; and they crouch huddled on the doorsteps as if there were no charity.” He appeals for more workers from the West-End. One had imagined that things were greatly improving in the East-End. This is disheartening news.

At the thanksgiving service held by the friends of Crete at St. Peter's, Windmill Street, Greek and Russian clergy were in the procession, and it is said by a High Church journal that the ceremonial “appears to have been of a

stately and even ornate character, which would favourably impress our foreign visitors from the Orthodox Church, accustomed as they are to an instructive ceremonialism.” The *Daily Chronicle* complained that the Nonconformists did not attend, but no place would have been allowed them in the service.

Messrs. James Clarke and Co., of the *Christian World*, are to publish Sir William Harcourt's letters to the *Times* in pamphlet form.

The Vicar of the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, having been accused along with his clergy of abusing the Confessional, appealed to the Bishop to appoint a Commission of Inquiry. His Lordship consented, and the Commissioners, in which the Church Association was represented, unanimously signed a report entirely exonerating the clergy from the grave accusation made against them.

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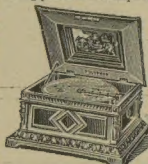
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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BRIXTON BURGLARY," AT TERRY'S.

Why the unfortunate suburb of Brixton should be in such ill-favour, alike with your journalist wit, your music-hall librettist, and your farcical dramatist, why in Brixton these authorities should so unanimously discover the quintessence of dull respectability and unlovely Philistinism, I have never yet been able to ascertain. Certainly it is with the name of Brixton that the latest writer of farce, Mr. F. W. Sidney, conjures at Terry's; and it would appear from his play that Brixton, if not the abode of humour itself, is at least the cause of humour in others. For it is there that three of Mr. Sidney's most important characters, a harmless young husband, temporarily deprived of his wife's society,

his burly father-in-law, who has had a cycling accident, and his valet, who has the misfortune to meet with most dis- obliging burglars, have passed an exciting and uncom- fort- able evening. All three creep into Septimus Pontifex's house about daybreak one eventful morning, and all three find themselves objects of the unwelcome attentions of a Scotland Yard detective and a Kensington policeman. The one is making inquiries about a burglary in Brixton; the other's duties are concerned with a bicycle *contredanse*, the author of which proves to have been Septimus's maid- servant while riding her master's machine in "rationals." Hence a series of hilariously funny scenes, in which various people assume strange dress only to be arrested by the police. The stout father-in-law, costumed like a coachman, and unhappy Septimus, disguised in his "slavey's" skirts,

provide perhaps the best entertainment. But throughout this well-made piece, quite a "screamer" of the good old- fashioned sort, the fun is fast and furious, and the interest never flags save for occasional tiresome explanations and needless repetitions. The hero of the farce is Mr. James Welch, a comedian whose glib mendacity, quaint nervous- ness, and feverish intensity are a perfect joy in themselves. Miss Annie Hughes, the ideal of stage "slaveys," deli- ciously pert, most naturally vulgar, shares with him the honours of the evening; while Mr. Gottschalk's smirk as the valet, and Mr. Jack Barnes's vigorous vitality as the father-in-law, are of great assistance. Finally, Miss Maud Hobson and Miss Violet Trelawny, with their pretty faces, do their share towards making Terry's Theatre no less a scene of mirth than the Vaudeville opposite. F. G. B.



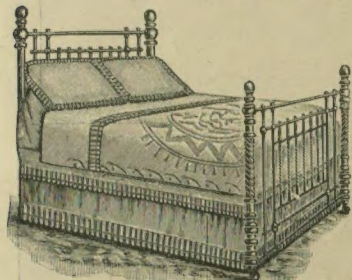
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